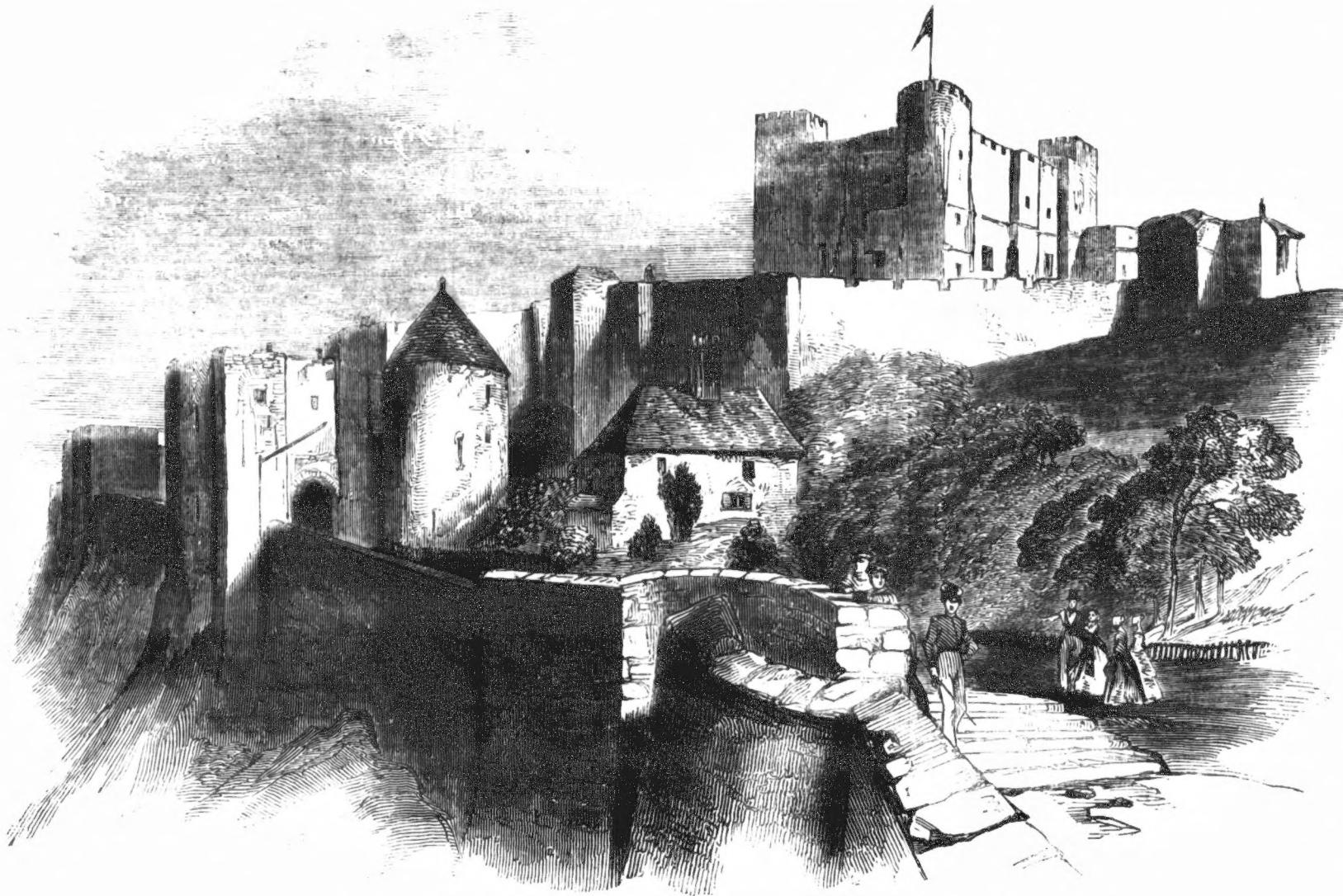




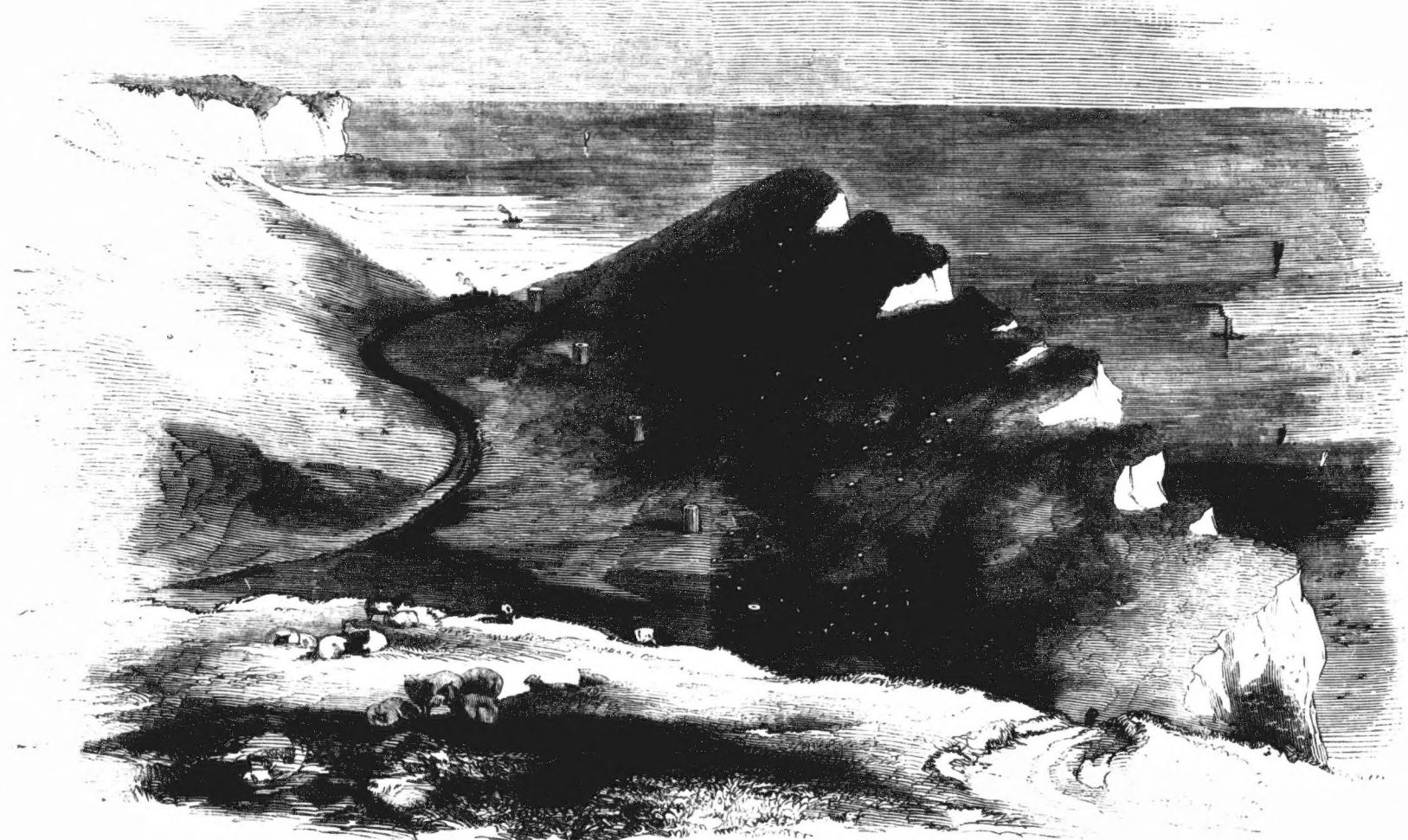




Oct. 14, 1865.]



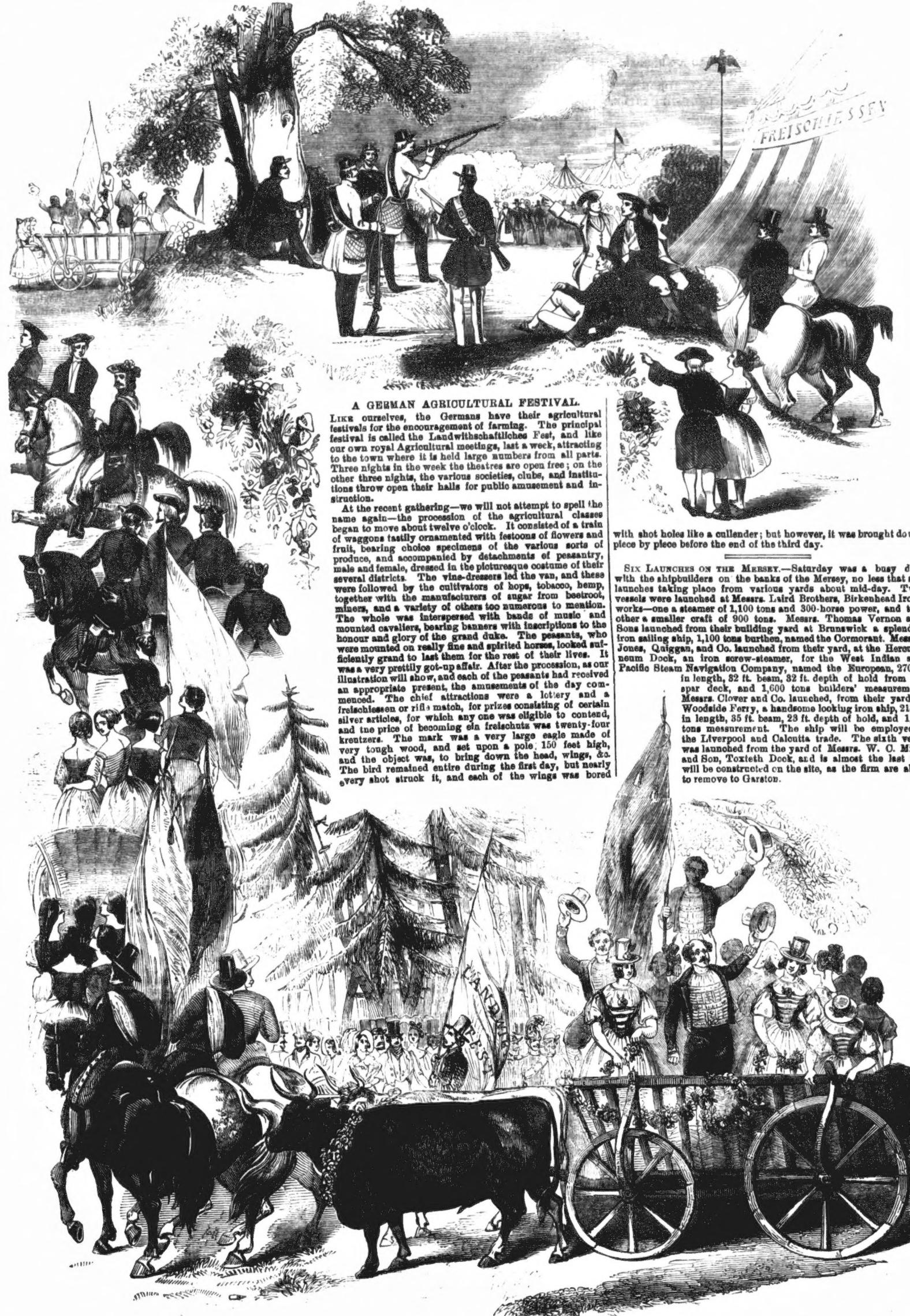
THE EXCURSIONIST.—THE KEEP OF DOVER CASTLE. (See page 279.)



THE EXCURSIONIST.—SHAKSPERE'S CLIFF—THE SUMMIT. (See page 279.)



[Oct. 14, 1865.]



## A GERMAN AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.

LIKE ourselves, the Germans have their agricultural festivals for the encouragement of farming. The principal festival is called the *Landwirtschaftliches Fest*, and like our own royal Agricultural meetings, last a week, attracting to the town where it is held large numbers from all parts. Three nights in the week the theatres are open free; on the other three nights, the various societies, clubs, and institutions throw open their halls for public amusement and instruction.

At the recent gathering—we will not attempt to spell the name again—the procession of the agricultural classes began to move about twelve o'clock. It consisted of a train of waggons tastily ornamented with festoons of flowers and fruit, bearing choice specimens of the various sorts of produce, and accompanied by detachments of peasantry, male and female, dressed in the picturesque costume of their several districts. The wine-dressers led the van, and these were followed by the cultivators of hops, tobacco, hemp, together with the manufacturers of sugar from beetroot, miners, and a variety of others too numerous to mention. The whole was interspersed with bands of music and mounted cavaliers, bearing banners with inscriptions to the honour and glory of the grand duke. The peasants, who were mounted on really fine and spirited horses, looked sufficiently grand to last them for the rest of their lives. It was a very prettily got-up affair. After the procession, as our illustration will show, and each of the peasants had received an appropriate present, the amusements of the day commenced. The chief attractions were a lottery, and a *freischessen* or rifle match, for prizes consisting of certain silver articles, for which any one was eligible to contend, and the price of becoming *ein freischutz* was twenty-four kreutzers. The mark was a very large eagle made of very tough wood, and set upon a pole, 150 feet high, and the object was, to bring down the head, wings, &c. The bird remained entire during the first day, but nearly every shot struck it, and each of the wings was bored

with shot holes like a cullender; but however, it was brought down piece by piece before the end of the third day.

SIX LAUNCHES ON THE MERSEY.—Saturday was a busy day with the shipbuilders on the banks of the Mersey, no less than six launches taking place from various yards about mid-day. Two vessels were launched at Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead Ironworks—one a steamer of 1,100 tons and 300-horse power, and the other a smaller craft of 900 tons. Messrs. Thomas Vernon and Sons launched from their building yard at Brunswick a splendid iron sailing ship, 1,100 tons burthen, named the *Cormorant*. Messrs. Jones, Quiggin, and Co. launched from their yard, at the Hercules Dock, an iron screw-steamer, for the West Indian and Pacific Steam Navigation Company, named the *European*, 270 ft. in length, 32 ft. beam, 32 ft. depth of hold from the spar deck, and 1,600 tons builders' measurement. Messrs. Clever and Co. launched, from their yard at Woodside Ferry, a handsome looking iron ship, 218 ft. in length, 35 ft. beam, 23 ft. depth of hold, and 1,190 tons measurement. The ship will be employed in the Liverpool and Calcutta trade. The sixth vessel was launched from the yard of Messrs. W. C. Miller and Son, Toxteth Dock, and is almost the last that will be constructed on the site, as the firm are about to remove to Garston.

THE LATE HARVEST.—A GERMAN CELEBRATION OF HARVEST HOME.

## REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

With Illustrations by Eminent Artists.

No. 105, Price One Penny, now publishing, contains:—  
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A CHASE ON THE LONDON ROAD A HUNDRED  
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OUR LADY OF LAVRE, IN GOODE HALL, TORONTO.

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Englishman in France—Life in Spain—Returning a Favour—The Walpurgis  
Night—Love and his Loss—A Prison King—The Original Fesians—  
New—Minutes—Humour and Satire—Miscellaneous—Wit and  
Wise—those—Practical Receipts—Notices to Correspondents, &c., &c.  
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ILLUSTRATED.

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THE GOLD-SEEKERS, OR, THE TONTINE.  
ST. CECILIA, FROM A PICTURE BY GUIDO.

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Want—Sue (1) Right—Gleanings and Gatherings—Clippings from  
"Lunch" and "Fun," &c., &c.  
London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

		H. W. L. B.
D	Fire Insurance due	9 54 10 34
11	8	11 11 11 42
10	M	1 0 0 12
11	r	0 32 0 52
12	S	1 13 1 31
13	r	1 48 2 2
14	F	2 19 2 35
20	F	Moors' Changes.—New moon, 19 h. 48 m. p.m. Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Ezek 20; Luke 1, v. 39;

Ezek. 24; Gal 1.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FEAST DAYS, 17th.—St. Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles. She took the veil under Ebbi, daughter of King Ethelred; but was afterwards compelled to marry twice by her parents; and yet she remained true to her vows of chastity. In her death-breviary (see it is styled twice) widow, and always a virgin.—Iren., or Irse, the Evangelist.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS AND REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may send a subscription of 3s. 3d. to MR. JOHN DICKS, at the Office 313 Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to MR. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsagents or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-arrangement of the paper. The termination of Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a *flat* wrapper. Receipt-stamps *must* be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

Correspondents, using their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

W. N.—Several suicides have been committed by jumping from the Monument. On Sunday June 25th, 1792, William Green, a weaver, threw himself from the pedestal, and was dashed to pieces. Monday, July 7th, 1815, four persons committed one of them himself over the railings on the pedestal, and hewed himself down, and was taken up dead. He was a carpenter and cabinet-maker. This was regarded as an idle talk. "He was poor and in distress, and determined to kill himself in a manner that would not be painful." In 1819, Mr. Lyon Levy, a pearl and diamond merchant of Houndsditch, threw himself from the gallery. He walked several steps round the railings before he rang off; in his descent, hitting his head on the base, and on reaching the ground, his skull was fractured, and he died in a moment. Mr. Levy was subject to hereditary insanity. One or two suicides of the same strange kind followed, and it was thought expedient to raze the gallery with strong iron bars, "to prevent such deplorable events."

D. C. G.—Send us your address, and we shall have much pleasure in recommending you a respectable London solicitor.

A. F.—The authorship of the line, "The oceans wide saw its God, and buried," is attributed to Milton, who is said to have written it when a boy at school, in reference to an order by the master to the scholars to write something on the miracle of our Saviour's turning water into wine. Milton, as it is related, exhausted the subject so far as the giving of it expression is concerned, in that one compact and magnificent line, which he wrote himself on his slate. But, to the contrary of all this, we have seen it tenaciously asserted that Dryden was the true author of the line in question.

S. W.—Picture "The Golden Bough." The work is a well-written and honest one, without the slightest tinge of quackery about it, because it tells you the means of keeping in health without medicine, and only recommends medicine in cases where it cannot be dispensed with. It can be procured by sending four post stamps to Mr. T. Walter, No. 8, Chancery-lane, Boston-square, London.

I. F.—You cannot acquire knowledge, though you may gain information, by much reading. In order to acquire knowledge you must study, and thoroughly digest what you read. Your course of reading and study should depend on the kind of knowledge which you most need. If you have thoroughly mastered your arithmetic, geography, grammar, and other elementary works, you would find much advantage in reading histories and the biographies of eminent men. It would be a good plan, also, to read Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Prescott's Histories, including the "Conquest of Mexico and Peru," "Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Philip II." Motley's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," Froude's "History of England," Thiers's "History of the French Revolution," Mrs. Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire," Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," and any other history which you can get hold of. In reading these various works, you will find that historians often differ in their opinions, and you must learn to judge for yourself. It would be a good plan for you to read every history of England that you can get hold of, and compare the accounts and opinions of the different historians, and upon points and see which you command themselves to you as most safe and understandable. You must distrust every author, and do not trust your own judgment alone. After five years, or so, of continuous and unceasing reading, a man in you will begin to be able to form some respectable opinions on historical matters; your information will crystallize into knowledge; your charity for poor humanity will be vastly expanded and increased; and your faith in Providence and the destiny of the human race will become clear and steadfast.

H. R.—Mr. Gladstone is the son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, where he was born in 1809.

ALFRED F.—The phrase "upon tick" is derived from a diminutive ticket, or check.

W. S.—A great mistake sometimes prevails among police officers who fancy that they have a right to take a man into custody on any charge whatever. They ought to know their duty better. The law is this:—On the information of any person a policeman may apprehend a person on a charge of *any* provided he thinks there is a reasonable probability of his being there; but no man has a right to take another into custody, *unless he has a like time to prison for an assault or breach of the peace, unless it was committed in his presence, or he has made a sufficient warrant for so doing.*

H. P.—The "Dublin University Magazine" was edited by Mr. Currie, an eminent bookseller in Dublin. It was for some time edited by Mr. Butt, Queen's Counsel, who played so conspicuously a part in the St. Patrick's trials in Ireland.

COST SUB.—The late Mr. Vandenhoff made his first appearance at Covent Garden, September 9th, 1840. Miss Vandenhoff was born in 1818 and made her first appearance at Drury Lane, as Juliet, April 11th, 1846. Mr. Henry Vandenhoff, the son of the above tragedian, was born March 3rd, 1842.

REQUERER.—There are ninety-one City companies, twelve of which are called the chief, and are styled the honourable.

W. O.—There was no Lord Chancellor in 1833. From April 1835, there were only Lord Commissioners for the custody of the great seal.

JAMES T.—Australia, for domestic servants, offers greater advantages at present than Canada.

GRIMALDI.—Flexmore and Nansen, the clowns, were born in August, 1860.

A. YOUNG CARPENTER.—Matogney is full grown in 200 years. It is often of vast size; a simple log has weighed seven tons, and sold for 500 guineas.

B. T.—Sir Francis Badcott died at the age of seventy-four, January 23, 1844.

ELIZ. G.—Your brother may be purchased out of the Rides for a sum not exceeding £10, if the regiment is in England. If not, the passage money home will have to be paid in addition.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

AMIDST all the obscurity which involves the subject of epidemic cholera there is one point in connexion with its history which stands out in relief, and may ultimately render us good service in our efforts to resist its invasion. The disease would appear to be indigenous in India. In that country there is always more or less cholera, and it is from that country that the disease, in the epidemics which from time to time have ravaged Europe, seems to have had its starting point. England has already experienced three distinct invasions of this terrible disorder, and appearances render it only too probable that we are destined to a fourth. The attack of cholera in 1832 has been traced to Jezore, whence it began to spread in the year 1817. The visitation of 1848-9 would appear to have commenced in Cabul at the beginning of the hot season of 1845. That which attacked England in 1853-4, and Western Europe generally in 1856, can also be traced to an exceptional epidemic intensity in India a year or two preceding. Ever and anon there occur these furious outbreaks in India of the disease which is always present, though in less virulent type. Simultaneously, or at least in a rapid succession which makes it difficult to refer the origin of one outbreak to infection from another quarter, cholera appears in a form the very intensity of which seems connected with its power of transmission to other countries. During the last few years, again, the disease has been unusually virile and exceptionally fatal in India. So recently as 1863 the mortality in Bombay from cholera was fifty per cent. above the average, and since that time no tendency to mitigation has shown itself. A period of fifty years in the history of an epidemic is so short that it would be in the highest degree unphilosophical to deduce from what has already occurred any positive argument for the future. We know so little of the influences at work in producing these epidemic visitations that it is unsafe to argue that some circumstances which have preceded three attacks upon England will necessarily eventuate in a fourth. There may easily be other influences with which we are at present unacquainted, which obtained on the former occasions, and which are absent now. Nevertheless, in our very ignorance of the matter, we are justified in our apprehension that this country is on the eve of another visitation, especially as we can point to no plausible reason why this should not be the case. It is a fact that the south of France is already rather severely affected, and that Paris is by no means free from the disease—less so possibly than the French journals care to acknowledge. It cannot, we think, be denied also that the number of rapidly fatal cases in Southampton points to its existence in that city in an epidemic form, though probably of not great intensity. The circumstances are not reassuring. Each time that cholera has been introduced into England during the autumn it has made at first but little progress, lingering rather than flourishing during the winter and spring, to increase gradually during the following summer, at the latter part of which it has reached its climax, and declined somewhat rapidly during the cool days of autumn.

LET US IMAGINE that two large manufacturers in any department of business set to work to compare the cost of their establishments in relation to the product. They both make the same article, but the one firm has a better name than the other for the goods it turns out. The factory of the one is also very much larger than that of the other. It has no less than four hundred men at work, whereas its neighbour only employs a hundred and forty-five. For the service of its vans, carts, and for other purposes there are in the stables of the larger concern a hundred and five horses, whereas the smaller one has but fourteen. Moreover, there are as occasional workmen about the premises no less than a hundred and fifty men attached to the larger factory, an expense which the smaller place of business entirely escapes. But when the annual outlay of the two establishments is compared, it is found that the smaller factory pays the larger amount of wages and other expenses, and that although it employs but a fourth the number of men, and about a seventh the number of horses, its yearly outlay is upwards of five hundred a year more than that of its larger rival. In this business-like country, it is difficult to imagine such an immense difference between any two undertakings of the same kind. That order and economy may effect a saving of ten, twenty, or even fifty per cent, and that waste, disorder, and general muddle may cause a loss of that, or even a larger amount, we can understand. But any person or persons with the slightest knowledge of figures must see that if one manufacturer were to pay something like a fourteenth more than his neighbour for a fourth of the number of working hands and a seventh the number of working horses employed by that neighbour, the natural and inevitable end of the waste would be to bring the spendthrift to Basinghall-street. And yet this is no exaggerated picture of our actual state of things,

as will be seen if we compare what this country pays for its military establishments, and the amount expended for the same purposes by our neighbours, the French. The military estimates of the two countries for the years 1862-3 were as follows:—In England we pay £15,139,379 for an army of 145,450 men and 14,116 horses; whereas the French pay £14,599,000 for an army of 400,000 men, a reserve of 150,000 men, and 105,000 horses. That is to say, we pay over half a million more money than the French for one-fourth the number of men, and about one-seventh the number of horses. In other words, each English soldier costs us more than five times what a French soldier costs our neighbour, and every horse used in our army costs us nearly eight times the sum that one costs in the French service. A difference like this is so enormous, that we are naturally led to ask from what source it can arise. There are persons who have an easy way of disposing of any difficulty respecting the alleged superiority of the French over the English army in matters of detail, by saying that as the two services are organized differently *ab initio*, it is absurd to compare the one with the other. But a tax-paying public is not likely to see the force of this argument, when it compares the figures we have given above. To expend half-a-million sterling more than the French do for a fourth of their number of men, and a seventh of their number of horses, is certainly not a financial operation which can command itself to the approval of the most business-like nation in Europe. Englishmen seldom object to pay more for a good than an indifferent article. The false economy of believing that what costs least is in reality the cheapest has very few followers amongst us. But in the case of our army we do not pay a larger amount for a more serviceable force than our neighbour is taxed less to maintain. The French military system may have its faults, and in some particulars we may perhaps not wish to see it imitated in our own service. But as a whole, their army is acknowledged to be a pattern for the rest of Europe, and as to the interior economy of their troops, men and officers are alike content at the way in which they are treated in respect to promotion, feeding, payment, clothing, and all the numerous items that go to make up the total of a soldier's comforts in camp or quarters. The question, therefore, still remains unanswered as to what causes the enormous difference between our military estimates and those of France.

## THE PRAYER FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

THE subjoined form of prayer has been drawn up by the primate, and is now in use in the churches:—

"O Lord God Almighty, whose are the cattle on a thousand hills, and in whose hand is the breath of every living thing, look down, we pray Thee, in compassion upon us, Thy servants, whom Thou hast visited with a grievous murrain among our herds and flocks. We acknowledge our transgressions, which worthily deserve Thy chastisement, and our sin is ever before us; and in humble penitence we come to seek Thy aid. In the midst of judgment, do Thou, O Lord, remember mercy—stir, we pray Thee, this plague by Thy word of power, and save that provision which Thou hast, in Thy goodness, granted for our sustenance. Defend us, also, gracious Lord, from the pestilence with which many foreign lands have been smitten; keep it, we beseech Thee, far away from our borders, and shield our homes from its ravages; so shall we ever offer unto Thee the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, for these Thy acts of providence over us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—Meetings of the Cattle Plague Commission were held on Saturday, the 7th, and Monday, the 9th inst. at the rooms of the commission, 2, Victoria-street. The following commissioners were present:—viz., on Saturday, Earl Spencer, Lord Granbourne, Mr. Lowe, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Dr. Bruce Jones, Dr. Quain, Dr. Parkes, Mr. Wormald, and Mr. Spooner; on Monday, Earl Spencer, Lord Granbourne, Mr. Lowe, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. C. S. Read, Dr. Quain, Dr. Parkes, Mr. McClean, Mr. Wormald, Mr. Ceeley, and Mr. Spooner. The secretary, Mr. Montague Bernard, was also present.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF THE SUN'S HEAT.—On Tuesday of last week a naphtha lamp had been placed in the window of the house of Mr. Laing, saw-miller, Cast Forbes, and after it had stood there for a time, the sun beating full on the window panes, the naphtha got ignited by the action of the solar rays, and went off in a violent explosion, causing no little surprise to the inmates of the house.

Some of the good folks in the neighbourhood, on hearing of the strange accident, were convinced that some supernatural agency had been at work, and that the days of witchcraft had not yet gone by.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

CARELESS HANDLING OF GUNPOWDER.—On Saturday evening a serious explosion of gunpowder happened in the shop of Mr. Keiden, gunsmith, Salford. Two boys went to the shop to purchase some powder, and while Mr. Keiden was supplying them, one of them, it would appear, to test the strength of the article they were receiving, applied a small quantity to the gas, and the flame thus

raised communicating with a parcel containing about 2lb. of powder, an explosion resulted which blew the window out and smashed the shutters, which were closed at the time. Mr. Keiden was severely burnt about the face and hands, as was also the boy Tomlinson, who, for the present at least, been deprived of sight. The other boy, Greenhalgh, was also burnt, but not so severely. CRUELTY TO HORSES.—At the Shire Hall, Stafford, on Saturday, before Sir Villiers Sturtevant, and other magistrates, Joseph Leech, horse-slaughterman, of Wolverhampton, John Latham, his agent, and four other men, were charged with cruelly ill-treating horses. Mr. Colam, secretary to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, appeared in support of the complaint. It seems that the defendant Leech is in the habit of having large numbers of old and diseased horses sent to him from Liverpool, and the railway company having recently decided to carry the animals, they have been driven along the turnpike roads, a knacker's cart attending them for the purpose of carrying the carcasses of any of them that may drop down from exhaustion. An anonymous letter having been sent to Colonel Hogg, the chief constable of Staffordshire, complaining of the cruelty to which the animals were subjected, during their long journey from Liverpool to Wolverhampton, he ordered a look out to be kept, and on Saturday the 30th ult., the police stopped eight horses which were being driven through Stafford in charge of two of the defendants. All the animals were suffering from glanders, four of them being in the last stage of that disease, several of them were lame, and all were extremely emaciated. Having been condemned by a veterinary surgeon, they were all slaughtered. It was shown that Leech and Latham had ordered the horses to be sent to Wolverhampton in the manner described, and the case was also proved against the other defendants. Leech was fined £5 and 9s. costs on each of the informations, of which there were eight, one for each horse, making £41 12s. in all; Latham was fined £1 and costs; and the other defendants were convicted in smaller penalties, with the alternative of short periods of imprisonment. The bench expressed their high sense of the utility of the society represented by Mr. Colam, and ordered that it should receive half the penalties.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDEN.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN.—After the removal of summer flowering plants, get in some hardy evergreens, laurels, laurel-roses, hollies, rhododendrons, &c. &c. Plant a few species of bulb before the ground becomes too wet, and potted plants should be potted or planted out. Look out for slugs.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

## GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

try pays for its military purposes of the two days:—In England we have 1,116 horses; a army of 400,000 men, a That is to say, we pay much for one-fourth the number of horses. In more than five times and every horse used sum that one costs in so enormous, that we can arise. There is of any difficulty the French over detail, by saying *seriously ab initio*, it is not. But a tax-paying argument, when it comprehend half-a-million of their number of men, is certainly not a fit to the approval of Englishmen seldom mention article. The false in reality the cheapest the case of our army serviceable force than The French military particulars we may own service. But as pattern for the rest of their troops, men and women they are treated in being, and all the number of soldier's comforts in are, still remains un-difference between our

## OF THE CATTLE

wn up by the primate, on a thousand hills, bring thing, look down, servants, whom Thou our herds and flocks, worthily deserve Thy; and in humble penitence, of judgment, do pray Thee, this plague season which Thou hast, no. Defend us, also, on many foreign lands, far away from our villages; so shall we ever be thankful, for these Jesus Christ our Lord.

A Cattle Plague Com Monday, the 3d inst. street. The following tuesday, Earl Spencer, Dr. Bance Jones, Dr. Spooner; on Monday, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. McClean, Mr. Wormald, Mr. Montague Ber-

—On Tuesday of last window of the house of after it had stood there now paces, the naphtha and went off in a violent imates of the house. on, on hearing of the the supernatural agency aircraft had not yet gone

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on Saturday the 30th which were being driven the defendants. All the them being in the last lame, and all were ex- by a veterinary surgeon known that Leech and Wolverhampton in the proved against the other costs on each of the in- for each horse, making costs; and the other es, with the alternative expressed their high- stated by Mr. Oolan, and

## THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY.—MORE ARRESTS.

SEVERAL additional arrests of persons charged with Fenianism have been made in different parts of the country. In Cork four men were arrested. One of them, Mr. Mountain, kept a shoebinding and trimming shop in that city. He has been rather conspicuous for his national tendencies, and was formerly tried for his alleged share in the "demonstration" which took place in connection with the celebration of the Prince of Wales's marriage, but was acquitted. Another of the persons arrested is Alexander Nicholls, son of a tweed and frieze manufacturer, and the remaining two are an auctioneer's clerk and a journeyman tailor. One arrest has been made in Cork, county Cork, and two young tradesmen were taken into custody at Drogheda, being the first arrests which have taken place in that locality. The prisoners have all been remanded for further examination.

Mr. Martin A. O'Brennan, who was arrested in Tuam, was brought before Mr. Stronge charged with having published on the 30th of September, in the *Connacht Patriot*, a seditious and treasonable article calculated to incite foreigners to invade Ireland and levy war upon the Queen. Mr. J. A. Curran appeared for the prisoner. Several articles which had appeared in the *Connacht Patriot* were read by Mr. Barry, Q. C., in support of the charge. In one article, while the learned counsel observed, there was an effort made to keep the writer and publisher within the law, the meaning conveyed to the people who were to read it was that they were to be prepared to take up arms at a moment's notice to aid the intended rebellion in this country. The American Fenians were urged to return as did the Israelites from Egypt, and ransom their ancestral lands from the Philistines. The redemption of Ireland from despotism and bad laws would be hailed with delight, and blessings would be asked for on the deliverer. The tendency of this writing is perfectly clear, and is by no means counteracted by such a passage as the following, which was doubtless inserted with the notion of keeping the writer safe:—

"The Fenians are not hostile either to Queen Victoria or the Sovereign Pontiff. It is to the partial government of her Majesty in Ireland—not to herself—they are opposed. They would not hurt one hair of her head, though they have vowed to subvert the oppressive government carried on in this island."

In another article an attempt was made to convey to the people that Fenianism was widely extending itself among the army and the militia, and the writer justified soldiers in breaking their oath of allegiance on the ground that their oath was *one to defend, but not to submit to the permanent oppression of their plumed nation*. Mr. O'Brennan repudiated the charge of disloyalty, and said his whole course had been that which his Church taught—"Obedience to the laws, obedience to the monarch that is *de facto*, no matter whether *de jure* or not." He complained of the harshness with which he had been treated by the police, and said that, having committed no transgression before God, and violated no law of the land, he cared little for the result. Mr. O'Brennan was committed for trial.

## ROYAL NEGLECT OF IRELAND.

The *Cork Constitution*, a Conservative journal, referring to the remarks of the Times on the royal neglect of Ireland, says:—

"Every place can be cheered by the royal presence—the Isle of Wight, Balmoral, the Continent; but Ireland is as though she were no part of the dominions of the Crown. This is at once impolitic and unjust. It leads to the suspicion that Ireland is not cared for—that she has no place in the royal affections—that she is considered an incumbrance, of which, but for the likelihood of its falling into other hands, England would as soon shake herself free, and that a paragraph in a speech from the throne is sufficient recognition of her claims on attention or respect. This suspicion militates more against loyalty, against attaching the people to the Crown, against making them feel that they have any interest in its prosperity, than those who enjoy the sunshine of the royal favour imagine, though they themselves cry out very boisterously when it is, as it has unduly been, withheld from them. There is a great deal of sentiment in loyalty. It is not principle that leads to it in the masses, or indeed in any considerable number of a population. The Prince of Wales's appearance in the hunting-field does more to endear him to all who see him sharing in the country's sports than his nearness to the Throne, and the least that can be expected of a family for which the nation provides so handsomely is that its members will each and all do his or her part in contributing to the contentment of the people; and how can they better do this than by contributing to their gratification, showing themselves kindly and unostentatiously among them, and proving that they look on them as components of one great community over which the Sovereign equitably and impartially presides? This is too much forgotten at the other side. Even the ignorant and the credulous would be less easily duped if this protest were taken out of the mouth of the dupers; and, more than any act of legislation (if parliamentary sagacity could devise a wise one), would occasional visits do to bind the people to the Throne. We don't, however, mean flying visits, which seem made to discharge some disagreeable duty, and which are hurried through as if every moment spent in Ireland were a weariness; but visits paid as if there was a pleasure in them, and as if the ruler felt himself at home among the ruled. On the lowest of the people such visits would not be lost. There is among them a disposition to loyalty, which it is imprudent to despise; and if that disposition has been allowed to take a different and a dangerous turn, it might by the course suggested be in a little time brought back. Those in high places ought to think of it. It won't do to have Ireland periodically on the eve of rebellion; for, however weak, or mean, or silly the seditionists may be, they produce great alarm, they do great detriment to business, cause great inconvenience to all who depend on it for bread, and put the country to an expense which, because of their machinations, it is all the less able to bear. In future, Government, we hope, will be wiser, and instead of suffering incendiary publications to prepare insurrections that it may suppress them, will suppress the publications, and thus spare themselves a great deal of trouble, and the peaceful a great deal of anxiety."

A HEAVY INSURANCE CLAIM.—By the death of the Earl of Strathmore, the insurance companies have to meet a claim amounting to nearly £200,000. The Scotch offices are those principally concerned, though several policies were effected with English companies.—*Insurance Record*.

FIRING OF STACK-YARDS AND FARM BUILDINGS.—At one o'clock on Sunday morning a woman who lives near the homestead of Mr. Peter Brungate, at Chapel Haddesey, near Selby, observed flames issuing from the stack-yard, and immediately gave an alarm. Assistance was sent for to Selby, and soon after the sounding of the fire-bell at the Abbey Church many persons hurried to the scene of the disaster. The fire brigade from Pontefract were also brought to the spot as soon as possible, but, though plenty of water could be got from the river Aire, the whole contents of the stack-yard were destroyed—viz., two very large clover, one hay, one pea, two barley, and two oat stacks. Several adjacent farm-buildings were also destroyed, as well as the implements which they contained. The property was valued at 700/- or 800/-, but, fortunately, about a fortnight ago Mr. Brungate insured it all. A small farmer and blacksmith, whose premises are close to those before mentioned, also had a valuable haystack consumed. A party of gipsies who had an encampment in the neighbourhood—and especially one of the women—aided most actively in the exertions which were made to arrest the flames. There is every reason to believe that this is an act of incendiarism, and a malicious Irishman lately seen in the neighbourhood is suspected.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WARREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.—Superior Harmoniums from £4 4s. 0d. upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.

## DEATH OF THE REV. CANON STOWELL.

The Rev. Canon Stowell, rector of Christ Church, Salford, died on Monday, at his residence, Bar-hill, Bolton-road, Pendleton, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Stowell was born in December, 1799, at the parsonage of Douglas, Isle of Man. His father was for many years rector of the parish of Ballaugh, near that town, where he composed his "Life of the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, some time Bishop of Sodor and Man." Mr. Stowell matriculated as a commoner at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1818, and at the close of his under-graduate career took his degree of B.A. in Michaelmas Term, 1822. He proceeded to his Master's degree May 26, 1826. On the 26th of December, 1828, he was ordained by the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Henry Ryder, at that time Bishop of Gloucester, and subsequently of Lichfield and Coventry. His title for orders was the assistant curacy of an outlying chapelry of Shapescome, Painswick, not far from Stroud, in the county and diocese of Gloucester. His stay, however, in this rural parish was only of about three months' duration, for in the following spring he removed to Huddersfield. He remained at Huddersfield about two years, when he accepted the sole charge of St. Stephen's Church, Salford. Here he became so popular as a preacher, and so esteemed as a devoted and laborious pastor, that, in the fear of losing him among the many pressing invitations which he received to undertake other and more valuable appointments, a number of his parishioners and friends subscribed a handsome sum of money, and built for him Christ Church, Action-square, Salford, of which he became the first incumbent. In 1845 Mr. Stowell was nominated by Bishop Sumner to an honorary canonry in the Cathedral Church of Chester. In 1851, not long after the erection of Manchester into an episcopal see, Canon Stowell was appointed by the bishop, Dr. James Prince Lee, one of his lordship's chaplains. Subsequently, Mr. Stowell was appointed Rural Dean of Salford. The next presentation to the living is vested in five trustees. Only one of the original trustees is living, Mr. Robert Gardner, and we believe his co-trustees are Messrs. Le Mare, Blacklock, Credson, and Makin. The solvencies of a busy life left Mr. Stowell but little leisure for authorship, but he found time to contribute the following works to the catalogues of contemporary literature:—"Tractarianism Tested," 2 vols.; "Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah—Model for Men of Business"; "Self-Culture"; "The Voice of the Church in Holy Baptism"; "The Moderation of the Church of England"; "Worldly Anxiety"; "The Bible Self-Evidential"; "The Pleasures of Religion," and other Poems; "Confession"; "William Palmer—a Warning"; "The Age We Live In"; "The Day of Rest"; and several other theological works, sermons, lectures, speeches, and letters.

The rev. canon died in the presence of his wife and five of his children. He had been unconscious for two days, but appeared to revive a little on Monday morning, when Dr. Sontham, one of his medical attendants, considered that there was no immediate danger of his dissolution. His decease was therefore rather unexpected, although not the remotest hope had for a considerable time been entertained as to his eventual recovery. When the intelligence of his death became known the various churches in Salford and Pendleton rang forth muffled peals, and a general feeling of profound sorrow appeared to prevail amongst the community. The rev. canon passed away without suffering, and at the latest moment seemed to articulate the word "Amen."

## WRECK OF THE EAGLE SPEED.—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

A SHIPWRECK has occurred near Calcutta resulting in enormous loss of life, and attended with such misconduct, mismanagement, and cowardice on the part of the crew, as in similar emergencies have been rarely, if ever, equalled. Saldan has the name of the British seaman been saluted in moments of peril by a wanton flight from the post of duty, leaving hundreds of fellow-creatures to an awful fate; but it has been left to the crew of the Eagle Speed to commit an outrage on humanity that will arouse indignation wherever it is read, and make the loss of that ill-starred vessel, with 250 human beings, a lasting record of cowardice and selfishness, if not an indelible blot on the British name. Every account of the wreck that reaches us from Calcutta deepens the tragedy of errors, cowardice, and wanton disorder which form the history of the wreck, and we earnestly hope for the sake of our common name and country that the Government investigation which has been instituted into the causes and circumstances of the disaster will do much to remove the disgrace and charges of scandalous mismanagement which lie heavily at the door of nearly everyone who was in a position to render assistance at the awful catastrophe. The Eagle Speed left Port Canning on the morning of Sunday, 20th August, having on board 497 coolies, who were being conveyed to Demerara. On Monday afternoon, while still in charge of a tug steamer, Lady Elgin, she struck in the western channel of the Muthia, but was dragged off by the steamer and anchored in the channel for the night. She continued to make so much water that signals of distress were made to the tug. Shortly after midnight and by Tuesday afternoon, after uncountable delay and mismanagement in the efforts to save the unfortunate creatures, the tug steamed back to Port Canning, with, forsooth, the captain and crew of the Eagle Speed and with 207 of the coolies, leaving 290 coolies helpless and without any one in supervision or authority over them on the sinking vessel. Of these about thirty were subsequently saved; the rest, numbering 265, have perished. The catalogue of blunders seems to have numbered legion. 1. The crew of the Eagle Speed, numbering twenty-five men, is said, with the exception of five or six, to have been unfit for duty although shipped only a few days before sailing. 2. The tug did not approach the Eagle Speed till after dawn on Tuesday morning, notwithstanding the signals of distress were shown after midnight. 3. Although it was known that the vessel was sinking, all her boats were not used, and those that were used were either wantonly and intentionally smashed by the lazy, cowardly crew who were sure of saving their own lives, or so carelessly handled that they very soon became unfit for further use. 4. The brutal European crew finally totally refused to exert themselves further, telling Captain Hopkins, the port master of Port Canning, who happened to be on board the tug, and who appears to have been the only one that laboured zealously in saving those who were taken from the wreck, that "they would be — if they would make another trip." 5. From the first moment of the catastrophe till the tug left everything like seamanship and order ceased on board the vessel, and nothing like ingenuity or earnestness, or even a comprehension of the magnitude of the disaster, prevailed in the other. 6. The tug was not a first-class steamer, and first-class steamers only are allowed by the port regulations to tow coolie ships; and 7. The pilot was not a master pilot, although the regulations require that master pilots only shall have charge of such vessels. To the list of blunders of which the above are but a few, must be added several accidental circumstances, which did not help to diminish the misfortune, such as rough weather in the Channel, the bursting of a steam-pipe on board the tug, the imperfect way in which the Muthia is buoyed, &c. The several versions of the wreck do not conflict with each other in any main particular, but the inquiry which is ordered will bring to light the authentic particulars, and show on whose shoulders the responsibility rests.—*Bombay Gazette*.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.—In spite of M. Dupin, the dress of the ladies at the fashionable watering-place of Biarritz is as extravagant as ever. During the last thirty days Madame Rimski-Korsakoff wore no less than sixty dresses, one in the morning and one in the evening.





YOUTH IN SEVILLE.

YOUTH IN SEVILLE.  
This beautiful engraving before us is from a picture by J. Philip, A.R.A. It represents a scene by no means uncommon in Seville. We are at the corner of the Calle Amor de Dius, in Seville, and let into the wall, and protected by a grating, is a shrine and picture of the Madonna and Child. Two devotees approach the fane. One whom, as far as we can judge from her wide-veiling mantilla

is sufficiently well favoured, kneels, in, we hope, utterly abstracted devotion before the sacred picture; the second, a real, ripe, olive-faced, diamond-eyed Spanish beauty, with a whole Cupid's arsenal—fan, *acorache* *caurus*, hair dressed *à la Eugenie*, pendant earrings, and black lace mantilla, is about doubtless to follow her sister's example, and hisp a few pretty prayers; but she is indulging, first, in a preliminary flirtation with a stalwart Seville *muchacho*, a brawny

dandy in a pillicock hat of the Spanish pattern, much fine linen about his shirt-front, and golden studs to close the collar thereof. Of course he is wrapped in a *gugo* or a *poncho*, or whatever the loose Spanish mantle he wears may be called, and, of course, he carries between the fingers of one hand the inevitable *cigarilla*. But where are the ladies' weeds? Under their mantillas, to be sure, with fuses and tissue paper complete, we will be bound.



hat of the Spanish pattern, much fine linen  
and golden studs to close the collar thereof,  
ped in a *gugo* or a *poncho*, or whatever the  
he wears may be called, and, of course, the  
fingers of one hand the inevitable *cigarilla*,  
the weeds? Under their mantillas to us where,  
the paper complete, we will be bound.

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**HAYMARKET.**—This establishment was again opened for the season on Monday evening last, when the house was crowded in every part. The first piece presented was the "School for Scandal," and as each well-known face appeared, a hearty greeting went forth from the audience. Sir Peter Teazle was admirably sustained by Mr. Chippendale, as also Benjamin Backbite and Crabtree by Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Compton. Mr. Howe played Joseph Surface, and Mr. W. Farren, Charles Surface. Both were very effective. Mr. Rogers was also quite at home as Sir Oliver. The Lady Teazle, by Miss Nelly Moore, was all that could be desired. She was greeted with well-deserved applause throughout, and especially in the scene where she was equally as pathetic as she had previously been vivacious. The dresses and scenery were beautiful. At the close of the comedy there was a unanimous recall, fully testifying how heartily the efforts of all had been appreciated. In "Lend Me Five Shillings," which followed, Mr. Buckstone, as Mr. Golightly, again drew forth the laughter and applause of the audience. "Easy Shaving" was the concluding piece. On Tuesday evening Mr. Charles Mathews received a most gratifying welcome back in his favourite part of Sir Charles Coldstream, in "Used Up."

**PRINCESS'S.**—We gave a short notice last week of the production, at this theatre, of Mr. Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend," reserving the plot, in order at the same time to give an illustration of one of the scenes, which will be found on our first page. The drama, although advertised as new, is not so—that is, as regards the general plot. Originally it appeared as Mr. Reade's drama of "Gold," upon which he founded his successful novel of "Never too Late to Mend." From this latter is now worked out what is called his new drama, several versions of which, however, had previously been performed in London, as also in the provinces. The plot of the present drama may be thus told. Two brothers, George and William Fielding hold a small farm in Berkshires, called the Grove. They are unsuccessful. George is invited by a Mr. Winchester to emigrate with him to Australia; but is advised by his friend, Robinson, who has been to California, to go thither. But George is in love with his pretty cousin, Susan Merton, and cannot bear the thought of leaving her. He has, however, two rivals—his brother William and Mr. Meadows, the latter a large corn-factor and schemer, who has a willing instrument in a low and cunning attorney, named Crawley. By the means of this latter a distress is made upon the farm, and Robinson is arrested for theft. At this critical period another friendly letter reaches him from Australia, and he decides upon going. He has secured a declaration of love from Susan, has made a friend instead of a rival of his brother, and has been promised the hand of Susan by old Merton, providing he can bring home a thousand pounds. This ends the first act. In the second, we find the suit of Meadows for the hand of Susan thwarted by William Fielding and a Jew named Isaac Levi, whom Meadows has made an enemy. The latter now determines to send Crawley out to Australia to plot against George Fielding, and intercept all his letters to Susan. He is, unfortunately, too successful. George's sheep die mysteriously and misfortunes overtake him. All hope of the thousand pounds is gone, when his old friend Robinson appears on the scene. The latter had suffered imprisonment on the silent system; had become peccant under the good chaplain, and, by his means, sent out to Australia. Prior to sailing, he obtains a letter from Susan to George; and he arrives at his destination to find his old friend almost dead with fatigue and despair. Robinson revives him with a little brandy, but more so with Susan's letter. He next points out to George the evident signs of gold, and, with an eccentric Australian savage, attached to George, they proceed to search for the golden ore. The savage soon points out a valuable nugget in the quartz they are sitting upon; and George is again hopeful of gaining Susan; but Crawley has been lurking upon their track, and has hired ruffians to waylay them and secure the valuable nugget. The two friends are attacked, and nearly overcome; when Jacky, the savage, whose suspicions had been aroused, rushes on with a party of his own tribe, and turns the tables, Crawley being wounded in the fight. The two friends now return home with seven thousand pounds. In the meantime, Meadows so poisons the mind of Susan against George, that she ultimately agrees to wed the rich corn-factor. The evening prior to the marriage has arrived, when Crawley presents himself to Meadows, and informs him of the arrival of George with seven thousand pounds in notes; and that he is then at the little inn close by. They plot together. George is to be drugged and the money stolen. This is accomplished by Crawley. Meadows is for burning the notes, but ultimately allows Crawley to keep them, if he will leave the country immediately. The Jew has been on the watch, and, as Crawley departs, secretly follows him. The wedding morn arrives—the bell rings—the marriage party sets out. They are confronted on the road by George and Robinson. An explanation ensues. George demands the fulfilment of the contract, which old Merton reluctantly agrees to, providing the thousand pounds is forthcoming. Robinson exultantly draws forth a bulky pocket-book, and unfurls it. There is only a newspaper, but no money. Old Merton terms them impostors, and the two friends prepare again to depart; but Susan declares she will go with them. The Jew enters and denounces Meadows, who, however, baffles the accusation, until Crawley is brought in handcuffed. To save himself, the latter accuses Meadows as the instigator. Both are taken to jail, while the bells ring out a more joyous peal for the marriage of George and Susan. Such is the brief sketch of the plot. The drama abounds in startling incidents, and is full of interest; and never was a piece more truthfully placed on the stage. The curtain rises on a complete farm scene as could be represented. Everything is reality itself. Horses are brought in and taken to their stables; the straw-yard is fully littered—the men are threshing away—all is life and bustle. This scene is nightly haled with the utmost delight. In the next act we have reality of a darker shade—the interior of a prison. The tread-wheel is at work, oakum-picking is going on, the silent system is in full operation, and the prisoners are in their prison dresses. So vividly is all the interior of prison life depicted, that instead of meeting with applause, as the life-like farm did, this has been received with disapprobation by a certain class of the aristocratic portion of the audience. The ground for this is, that prison life is not so bad as it was, and that the better phase should be placed upon it. We would rather the scene remain as it is, as a warning to evil doers. The next act brings out the beautiful again. It is life in Australia. The scenery is really magnificent, and here also the same masterly hand, in producing effect, is evident. There are plenty of incidents, too, and one of them we have selected for our illustration. The acting is perfect; but our space will not admit of our entering into details. We can only advise our readers to go and judge for themselves; it will well repay them the visit.

**ASTLEY'S.**—Mr. E. T. Smith commenced his winter season here on Monday evening, the great attraction being Miss Menken in a new piece, entitled "The Child of the Sun." It was written expressly for her by Mr. John Brougham; but it is evident that in studying for effect to bring forward Miss Menken he has spoilt what might otherwise have been a most effective drama. Perhaps, in the attractive title of the piece, the audience had associated the Menken with almost naked Venus, or other mythological deities; but it was disappointed as far as the dresses

of Miss Menken were concerned. There was nothing that the most fastidious could carp at. In her first dress, that of Leon, a creole boy, she certainly looks to advantage, and her attitudes are beautiful. Leon is the son of a Mexican planter. A plotting nephew induces the planter to discard his creole wife on the ground of infidelity, and the boy becomes a slave. The planter afterwards fears that the charge is false, and that Leon is really his legitimate son. He prepares documents to reinstate all; but is strangled by the nephew before his plans can be carried out. Leon is in love with a young Castilian lady. She is carried off by the nephew and some brigands to the mountains. Leon follows, and Miss Menken then successively presents herself as Zambo, a dumb slave; Metoxa, chief of the Comanches; and as a Mexican caballero. All these she sustains with much beauty and vigour; but the whole performance failed to excite the least enthusiasm, and the call for Miss Menken, Miss Kate Carson, Mr. E. T. Smith, and Mr. B. Potter was far less vigorous than is usual on a first night.

## The Court.

According to recent advice it would appear, that her Majesty the Queen and royal family, on their return to Windsor, are likely to receive a visit from their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia (the Princess Royal). The Court at Balmoral will, it is expected, return to the south a few days before the close of this month or the first week in November.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred and suite visited the Olympic Theatre, on Saturday evening, to witness the performance of "The Serv" and "Prince Camarazman."

It is probable, says the *Manchester Courier*, that the disappointment experienced by the people of Liverpool last year with regard to an expected visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, will be made this year in the most agreeable manner. It will be remembered that last year all the arrangements for a royal visit to Knowsley had been concluded, when, unfortunately, the illness of Lord Derby supervened, and the noble earl was unable to receive his distinguished guests. His lordship is just now recovering from a more recent and severe attack of gout, and it has been intimated that the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to fulfil their promise of honouring Knowsley with a visit on their return from Abergeldie Castle, towards the end of the present month. Nothing definite has yet been settled, but it is expected that the royal party will reach Knowsley on Tuesday, the 31st. During their stay at Knowsley a morning visit may be paid to Liverpool, and probably Thursday, the 2nd, or Friday, the 3rd November, may be chosen for this visit, as the municipal elections occur on the 1st of the month.

## Sorting.

**AQUATICS.**—**SCULLERS' RACE.**—A scullers' race for £50 aside took place on Monday, and proved most remarkable. The competitors were George Cannon, of Blackwall, and Thomas Hoare, of Hammersmith, both watermen, of about the same age, Cannon having advantage over his opponent of half a stone in weight, which was counterbalanced by Hoare possessing considerably more skill at handling the sculls than his opponent. Both had previously figured against some excellent men, and as they trained at rival houses, Hoare at Wilcox's, the White Hart, Barnes, and Cannon, at Harry Kelly's, the Bell Tavern, Putney, considerable interest was excited; steamers were chartered to accompany the race, which were densely crowded with the friends of the competitors, among whom betting was pretty animated, at six to five and guineas to pounds on Cannon. Mr. Ireland, of the London Rowing Club, had been previously appointed referee, and Mr. J. Messenger having been appointed umpire for Cannon and Mr. Wilcox for Hoare they got to stations at five o'clock, in a blinding rain, which lasted all the way, notwithstanding which the pace was so great that had the winner put on a little more at the finish this would have been the fastest race on record. After one attempt they got off, Cannon, who had the start, obtaining the lead, but in half a dozen strokes Tom Hoare rowed so fast and well that, at the Star and Garter, he was nearly clear. Cannon's longer strokes told in his favour. He began to come up with his opponent, and after a tremendous struggle went ahead, passing him by a clear length at Craven, where he took his opponent's water. In these positions, Cannon perhaps increasing his lead, they rowed to the Crab-tree, when Hoare, putting on a splendid spurt, drew again on Cannon, and over-slipped his stern at Hammersmith-bridge. Both were now doing their very best, and it was long before Hoare could conquer his opponent. In the middle of Chiswick Eyot they were level, and then Hoare's more polished style began to tell. He gradually stole ahead in the rough water, and at the top of the Eyot succeeded in drawing clear, after rowing one of the finest races on record for nearly three miles. After this the race was over. At Barnes bridge there were four lengths between them, Hoare ultimately winning by five lengths in twenty-three minutes sixteen seconds. The course was from Putney to Mortlake.

## THE WAR IN MEXICO.

THE news from Mexico informs us that the Liberal forces are increasing rapidly in every direction. The city papers daily chronicle continual fighting. The town of Santiago, near Orizaba, has declared for Juarez, recognising General Garcia Liberal Governor of Vera Cruz. This place offers great advantages to the Liberals, as it puts them in connection with the States of Tlaxcala and Chiapas. Various bodies of Liberals are united there, seriously menacing Orizaba itself, and the railroad from Vera Cruz. The imperialists attacked the place twice, and were severely repulsed, which caused a great sensation. The Austrian Count Theiss has been operating in the mountains near Puebla, and captured some prisoners of importance. An Austrian detachment in Ahuanian, composed of a company of lancers and mountain-howitzer, was compelled to surrender to the Liberals. The Austrian, who commanded, and an Imperial officer were shot. The Austrian commander in Michoacan paroled some Republicans in the hope that the Belgian prisoners would be similarly treated by the Liberals. The advantages in that State are decidedly in favour of the Liberals. An official paper from Durango mentions the appearance in that State of Gen. Patiño, who joined the bands of Corone and Calijar, their combined forces amounting to 2,500 men. The French were awaiting their movements with anxiety. The French General Neige has issued an order that all proprietors must arm their labourers to resist the Liberals, and makes all proprietors responsible for the acts of the Juarezists. This is only giving arms and recruits to the Liberals. The ground for this is, that prison life is not so bad as it was, and that the better phase should be placed upon it. We would rather the scene remain as it is, as a warning to evil doers. The next act brings out the beautiful again. It is life in Australia. The scenery is really magnificent, and here also the same masterly hand, in producing effect, is evident. There are plenty of incidents, too, and one of them we have selected for our illustration. The acting is perfect; but our space will not admit of our entering into details. We can only advise our readers to go and judge for themselves; it will well repay them the visit.

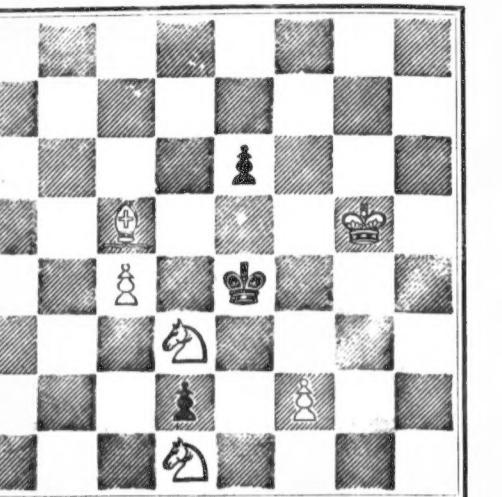
We give on page 281 a large engraving of a series of sketches of scenes which are daily to be seen around Mexico, as may be judged from the above news.

**INCOMES OF £50,000 AND UPWARDS.**—In Great Britain there are, as appears from a return just issued, eighty persons with incomes of £50,000 a year and upwards, and in Ireland only three.

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 301.—By Mr. Phillips.

Black

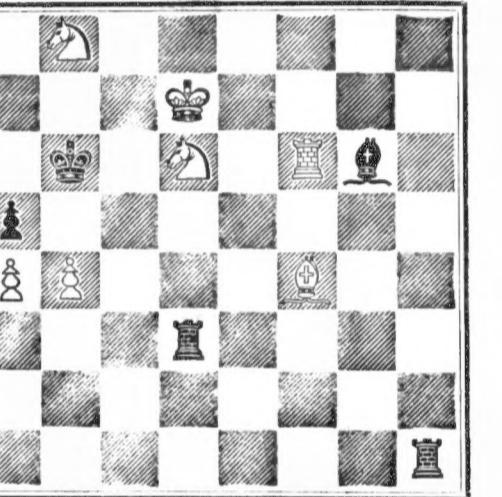


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 302.—By Mr. H.

Black



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game, blindfold, between Messrs. Blackburne and Knight.

White  
Mr. J. H. Blackburne.

1. P to K4
2. Kt to B3
3. P to Q4
4. Q takes P
5. B to K B4
6. Q to Q2 (a)
7. B to Q2
8. Q Kt to B3
9. Castles (K's side) (b)
10. B to Q3
11. P to Q B3
12. P takes Kt
13. P to Q4
14. Q takes B
15. Q to B square
16. P to Kt4
17. P to K R3
18. P to K5
19. Q to Kt3
20. Kt to K R4
21. Kt to B5
22. Kt takes B
23. P to K B4
24. Kt to K2 (d)
25. K to E2

DRAWN GAME (c)

(a) We prefer the old move of 4. Q Kt to B3.

(b) In this opening, we have generally found it more advantageous for the first player to Castle on the Queen's side,—bringing the Queen's Rook at once into play, and preparing to advance the Pawns on the King's side.

(c) We confess we are at a loss to understand the object of this eccentric retreat. P takes K P looks much more to the purpose.

(d) With the board before him, Mr. Blackburne could not have failed to see that P to K B5 was a much more effective move. After that, indeed, Black seems to be left without any resource.

(e) Even now, P takes K B P, followed by P to K Kt5, would give the first player a very embarrassing attack.

**LIFEBOAT SERVICE.**—CAISTER, NORFOLK, OCT. 7.—The lifeboat on this station has again rendered most valuable service to a distressed ship and her crew. Observing signals of distress on the 4th instant, on the Scroby Sand, the wind blowing at the time strong from the south-east, the Caister lifeboat of the National Institution was at once manned and launched and taken to the spot indicated by the signals. On arriving there the lifeboat found a brig on the Scroby Sand, full of water and with her rudder gone, the sea breaking completely over her. After assisting the crew at working the pumps for about an hour or so, the beachmen were forced to leave the vessel, and to take with them the crew of nine men, whom they safely landed at Caister about half-past eleven. The men afterwards proceeded to the Yarmouth Sailors' Home, a most excellent institution. The next day, the brig being still on the sands, the beachmen went out again with the lifeboat, the vessel being unapproachable by any other boat. They fortunately succeeded in getting her off and bringing her into Lowestoft harbour. She was the brig *Harling*, bound from Sunderland to Lowestoft.

OCT. 14, 1865.

## Law and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

## MANSLION HOUSE.

**A QUAKER STOREY.**—A German Jewess, named Gitel Herst, aged in the charge sheet to be twenty-two years old, but much younger, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having stolen a gold watch, a silver watch, and a quantity of wearing apparel of Jacob Lesser, under rather extraordinary circumstances. The Jewess, who was unable to speak English, and the evidence through the medium of an interpreter, it appeared that she keeps an eating-house in Hutchinson street, Houndsditch, in which which was stated to have formerly been a palace, and a same premises was used as a Jewish Synagogue, of which the beadle. The prisoner seemed to have come to England weeks ago from Germany, accompanied by her husband, but she for a short time took up her abode in the prosecutor's property alleged to be stolen by the prisoner seemed to be moved at various times; but the gold watch, which was worn by the prosecutor to have been stolen out of his pocket during the night of the 4th of October, while he was asleep, could be understood, it appeared that he heard some one groan in the dark, but he took no notice, and did not say anything until the next day, when he missed his two watches. The constable named Godard was called in, and he examined the discovered that a portion of the walnut-wood attached to the property of the Synagogue had been forced aside, and it appeared as though some person had broken into the Synagogue and had made their way from the Synagogue's premises, and afterwards committed the robbery. The constable was led to suspect the prisoner, and in her lodging he found a quantity of duplicates, one of which was a gold watch, and the others to various articles of wearing apparel, turned out that the thief had pledged the gold watch at a pawnbroker in the Mile End-road for £4 10s, and the wearing apparel for various sums, and the prisoner did not appear to deny having pledged the various articles. The Lord Mayor inquired whether there was to show that the prisoner had been concealed upon the night of the robbery? The constable replied that the witness present who would give his lordship some information. An aged Jew named Solomon Schwartz was called in, who had lodgings in the prosecutor's house, and he stated that he had been in the Synagogue to the Lord Mayor, the robbery was committed, about six o'clock, he had occasion to go into the cellar of the house, and he saw some person huddled up in the corner to conceal himself. He was in a great state of alarm. The Lord Mayor asked him how he knew that the person was a Jew. The witness replied, "I saw her face in the lamp-light." In answer to a question put by the Lord Mayor, the constable said that at first he did not consider it possible for a woman to be way from the Synagogue to the prosecutor's premises, but upon the place and bearing in mind the very diminutive size of the Synagogue, it was quite probable that she could have got through when called upon for her defence, told a long rambling story of which appeared to be that she had been called into a room, a bedroom in the dead of the night, and that was when it was admitted having pawned the various articles, but another woman had given them to her. The Lord Mayor inquired whether there was any other woman altogether, and he sentenced the prisoner to six months.

**DISTRESSING ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.**—A well-dressed young man, Gilbert, who was described as a milliner, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with attempting to destroy himself under peculiar circumstances. It appeared from the evidence of City police, who were on duty on London-bridge, when he saw a crowd of persons, a young man was holding the prisoner, who, it appeared, had been about to go over the bridge. The young man said he knew he would take her home, and they went away together, but he went back again, and he saw her go down the steps, and a man who had left her alone it would all have been over in a few moments. The prisoner also said that she was in very great trouble, and she was out of the world; and believing that he intended to destroy her to the station. The Lord Mayor inquired what was known of the young woman, a respectable widow, said that her husband had only been married to her, and she was in great distress at her son's conduct. The Lord Mayor did not send him to prison, and promised the constable that if he had any difficulty in getting her to the station, he would do his best to help her. The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner what she intended to do with him. The prisoner promised to take care of her, and prevent her from going again, and upon this condition the prisoner was discharged with her sister.

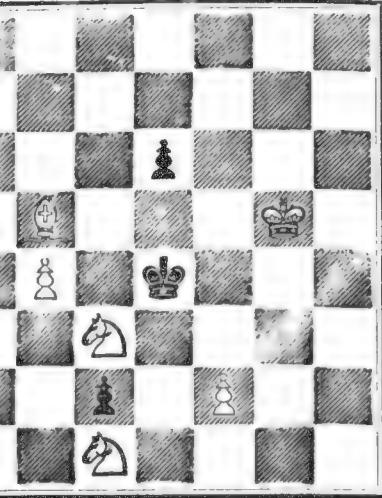
**A PROMISING YOUTH.**—A little urchin, only eleven years old, William Bryant, was charged with stealing half-a-crown from his master, Mr. Cumming, an umbrella manufacturer, in Bishopsgate. The prisoner was a rascall boy to the prosecutor, and he seemed to be a good boy, but he had been robbed by his master on several occasions. A respectable widow, said that her husband had only been married to her, and she was in great distress at her son's conduct. The Lord Mayor did not send him to prison, and promised the constable that if he had any difficulty in getting her to the station, he would do his best to help her. The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner what she intended to do with him. The prisoner promised to take care of her, and prevent her from going again, and upon this condition the prisoner was discharged with her sister.

**BOW STREET.**  
**AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.**—Michael Tracy, a formidably built man, of the Green Isle, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in the Harp tavern, in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The prisoner was a drunken state, was refused some liquor which he ordered when being sober, had been supplied with liquor, which was so strong that he could not bear it, and was compelled to drink it, and the prisoner thereupon still more drunk behaved himself in a riotous and disorderly manner. George Ralph Sherrill (the landlord), who had been summoned to give evidence, returned in the middle of the scene which the drunken prisoner had created, and, finding from the prisoner's excited condition that there was trouble in putting him out by force, called in a policeman, who had hitherto been most obstinate in his refusal either to admit the prisoner or to drive him out, at once submitted to the authority of the policeman, and went away quietly enough. In a few minutes, however, and attempted to re-enter the house, and on being refused, smashed the plate glass with his fist—a surprising feat of considering the thickness of the glass. Mr. Vaughan asked if the glass had been served with any liquor at the Harp. Mr. Sherrill replied, "No. He did not allow drunken men to be supplied with liquor." The policeman who took the prisoner in charge stated that he had been told that the prisoner had struck his hand on the glass, and that he had been struck by the hand. Mr. Vaughan asked if he had been struck by the hand. Mr. Sherrill replied, "Yes. He had been struck by the hand." Mr. Vaughan asked if he had been struck by the hand. Mr. Sherrill replied, "Yes. He had been struck by the hand." Mr.

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 301.—By Mr. Phillips.

Black

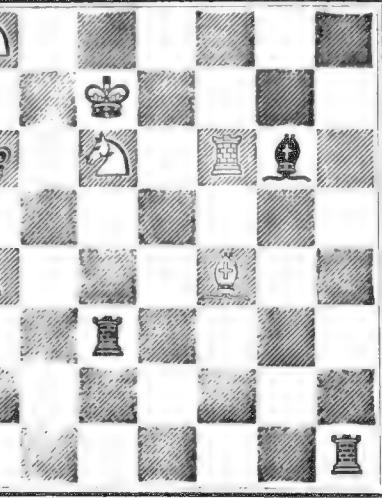


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 302.—By Mr. H.

Black



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

blindfold, between Messrs. Blackburne and Knight.

Black

Mr. Knight  
 1. P to K 4  
 2. P to Q 3  
 3. P takes P  
 4. Q B to Q 2 (a)  
 5. Kt to Q B 3  
 6. K B to K 2  
 7. K Kt to B 3  
 8. Castles  
 9. B to K 3  
 10. Kt to Q Kt 5  
 11. Kt takes B  
 12. Kt to K 4  
 13. Kt takes B  
 14. P to K R 3  
 15. P to Q B 3  
 16. Q to Q 2  
 17. P to Q 4  
 18. P to K B 3  
 19. K R to K B 2  
 20. Q to Q square (c)  
 21. K to K H 2  
 22. Q takes Kt  
 23. P to K Kt 3  
 24. R to K Kt 2

DRAWN GAME (e)

refer the old move of 4. Q Kt to B 3.  
 In opening, we have generally found it more advanced for the first player to Castle on the Queen's side, bringing the Rook at once into play, and preparing to advance the King's side.  
 Unless we are at a loss to understand the object of this treat, P takes K P looks much more to the purpose.  
 The board before him, Mr. Blackburne could not have seen that P to K B 5 was a much more effective move. Indeed, Black seems to be left without any resource.  
 Now, P takes K B P, followed by P to K Kt 5, would put player a very embarrassing attack.

SERVICE.—CAISTER, NORFOLK, OCT. 7.—The lifeboat has again rendered most valuable service to a distressed crew. Observing signals of distress on the 4th of the Scrubby Sand, the wind blowing at the time strong south-east, the Caister lifeboat of the National Institution was manned and launched and taken to the spot indicated. On arriving there the lifeboat found a brig on the sand, full of water and with her rudder gone, the sea completely over her. After assisting the crew at working off, for about an hour or so, the beachmen were forced to sail, and to take with them the crew of nine men, whom landed at Caister about half-past eleven. The men proceeded to the Yarmouth Sailors' Home, a most excellent. The next day, the brig being still on the sand, was sent out again with the lifeboat, the vessel being unable by any other boat. They fortunately succeeded in off and bringing her into Lowestoft harbour. She was sailing, bound from Sunderland to Lowestoft.

## Law and Police.

## POLICE COURTS

## MANCHESTER

A QUEEN'S BOLY.—A German Jewess, named Gittel Hersens, who was tried in the charge sheet to be twenty-two years old, but appeared very much younger, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with stealing a gold watch, a silver watch, and a quantity of wearing apparel, the property of Jacob Lasser, under rather extraordinary circumstances. The prosecutor, the plaintiff, and the greater part of the witnesses were German Jews, who were unable to speak English and the evidence was explained through the medium of an interpreter. It appeared that the prosecutor keeps an eating-house in Hutchinson-street, Piccadilly, in a large building which was stated to have formerly been a palace, and a portion of the same premises was used as a Jewish Synagogue, of which prosecutor is the beadle. The prisoner seemed to have come to England about five weeks ago from Germany, accompanied by her husband, but he left her, and she for a short time took up her abode in the prosecutor's house. The property alleged to be stolen by the prisoner seemed to have been removed at various times; but the gold watch, which was worth £9 10s., was reported by the prosecutor to have been stolen out of his bedroom during the night of the 4th of October, while he was asleep, and so far as could be understood, it appeared that he heard some one groping about his room in the dark, but he took no notice, and did not say anything about the matter until the next day, when he missed his two watches. A City constable named Goddard was called in and he examined the premises and discovered that a portion of the walnut attached to the synagogue had been forced aside, and it appeared as though some person had been concealed in the synagogue and had made their way from thence into the prosecutor's premises, and afterwards committed the robbery. After some inquiries the constable was led to suspect the prisoner, and upon searching her lodging he found a quantity of duplicates, one of which referred to a gold watch, and the others to various articles of wearing apparel. It turned out that the prisoner had pledged the gold watch at a pawnbroker's in the Mile End-road for £4 10s., and the wearing apparel at other places for various sums, and the prisoner did not appear to deny that she had pledged the various articles. The Lord Mayor inquired what evidence there was to show that the prisoner had been concealed upon the premises on the night of the robbery? The constable replied that there was a witness present who would give his lordship some information upon the subject. An aged Jew named Solomon Schwartz was then sworn. He stated that he lodged in the prosecutor's house, and on the morning after the robbery was committed, about six o'clock, he had occasion to go down into the cellar of the house, and he there saw somebody apparently huddled up in the corner to conceal herself. He was in a great fright at the time, but said he was quite sure that the prisoner was the person he saw in the cellar. The Lord Mayor asked him how he knew that she was the person he saw. The witness replied, "He saw her face in the dark." (Laughter.) In answer to a question put by the Lord Mayor, the constable said that at first he did not consider it possible for a woman to have made her way from the synagogue to the prosecutor's premises, but upon examining the place, and bearing in mind the very diminutive size of the prisoner, he considered it quite probable that she could have got through. The prisoner, when called upon for her defence, told a long rambling story in German, the effect of which appeared to be that she had been called into the prosecutor's bedroom in the dead of the night, and that was all she knew about it. She admitted having pawned the various articles, but said that some other woman had given them to her. The Lord Mayor said it was a queer story altogether, and he sentenced the prisoner to six weeks' hard

ROBILITY TO A WIFE AND IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT A FIRM.—Edward Johnson, aged 33, a hairdresser, residing at 2, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell, was charged with being drunk and assaulting his wife, Fanny, a dressmaker. Mr. H. Allen, of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, prosecuted. The complainant and the defendant have been married eleven years, and during the whole of that time, with the exception of two months that the defendant was in the House of Correction on a charge of illegally pawning some goods, he had been in the constant habit of abusing her. During the past fortnight he had been drunk every day, and had beaten his wife. On Saturday he beat her on no less than three different occasions and twice with such brutality that she fainted, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. Having been compelled to sleep for about three hours he got up in a more savage and ill-tempered state than when he went to bed, and on this occasion, without saying a word to his wife, knocked her so fearfully about the head with his fist that her head was covered with bumps and bruises, and blood gushed from both her eyes. Had it not been for the assistance of the lodgers it was stated that the wife would have been murdered, and, as it was, she was now in a very weak and exhausted state through his brutality. The defendant said he could not deny that he had just slapped his wife, but his reason for doing so was because she was lazy, and in addition lascivious, and he was a hard-working, sober, prudent woman, whilst the prisoner was a foolish, idle fellow, and was not to be believed. Mr. Barker asked the complainant if the defendant had ever threatened her. The complainant said he had repeatedly taken up knives to her, and she was afraid that he would some day carry his threat into execution. When drunk, and there was hardly a day that he was not in that state, he was mad, and did not know much what he was about. Mr. Barker said this was a very bad case, and sentenced the defendant, under the Aggravated Assault on Women Act, to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for four calendar months, and as the expiration of that period he would have to find two responsible sureties to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for his wife for six calendar months. The prisoner, who seemed to be suffering under an attack of delirium tremens, was then removed.

road, prosecuted; and Mr. Lewis, of Ely-place, defended. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor that on the morning of Tuesday the 26th ult., about half-past twelve o'clock, he got out of a cab at the corner of Oldham-street and Salford, with him his portmanteau. He had not proceeded far before the prisoner offered to carry the portmanteau if the complainant would give him £1. This the complainant consented to do, and they both proceeded as far as the corner of Playhouse-yard, when two men, Mr. and Mrs. Bickerton, the prosecutor, spoke to him, and when he turned round he found that the prisoner had gone, taking with him the portmanteau. His information to the police, and the prisoner was apprehended a short time afterwards. On his being placed with another man similarly dressed the prosecutor identified him as the man who had stolen his property, and when he told him the charge he said he knew nothing at all about it. He had since ascertained that one of the prisoner's companions, who was in custody at Harrogate for robbery, was wearing some of the prosecutor's property. The prisoner had been convicted no less than ten times of felony, and was well known as the trainer of young thieves, and there were now thirteen boys suffering imprisonment in Holloway Gaol that had been convicted of felony, and who had been trained by the prisoner. Mr. Bickerton said, at the trial he should, he understood, be able to show that the prisoner was now on horseback, and the magistrate intended to send the case for trial, he should reserve the defence, but he hoped the magistrate would accept bail. Mr. Bickerton opposed the application. Mr. Barker committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and refused the application for bail.

CRUELTY TO A WIFE AND IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT A FIRM.—Edward Johnson, aged 33, a hairdresser, residing at 2, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell, was charged with being drunk and assaulting his wife, Fanny, a dressmaker. Mr. H. Allen, of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, prosecuted. The complainant and the defendant have been married eleven years, and during the whole of that time, with the exception of two months that the defendant was in the House of Correction on a charge of illegally pawning some goods, he had been in the constant habit of abusing her. During the past fortnight he had been drunk every day, and had beaten his wife. On Saturday he beat her on no less than three different occasions and twice with such brutality that she fainted, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. Having been compelled to sleep for about three hours he got up in a more savage and ill-tempered state than when he went to bed, and on this occasion, without saying a word to his wife, knocked her so fearfully about the head with his fist that her head was covered with bumps and bruises, and blood gushed from both her eyes. Had it not been for the assistance of the lodgers it was stated that the wife would have been murdered, and, as it was, she was now in a very weak and exhausted state through his brutality. The defendant said he could not deny that he had just slapped his wife, but his reason for doing so was because she was lazy, and in addition lascivious, and he was a hard-working, sober, prudent woman, whilst the prisoner was a foolish, idle fellow, and was not to be believed. Mr. Barker asked the complainant if the defendant had ever threatened her. The complainant said he had repeatedly taken up knives to her, and she was afraid that he would some day carry his threat into execution. When drunk, and there was hardly a day that he was not in that state, he was mad, and did not know much what he was about. Mr. Barker said this was a very bad case, and sentenced the defendant, under the Aggravated Assault on Women Act, to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for four calendar months, and as the expiration of that period he would have to find two responsible sureties to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for his wife for six calendar months. The prisoner, who seemed to be suffering under an attack of delirium tremens, was then removed.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A BAD BEGINNING.—Oliver Cromwell Hurle, 8 years old, was charged before Mr. Typhurst with assaulting another little boy, named Matthew Collier, by stabbing him with a knife. Polly Hennessy, an intelligent little girl, residing at No. 2, Archer-street, Windmill-street, said: On Saturday, just as I was passing a public-house at the corner of Archer-street, I saw Hurle run after another little boy named Matthew Collier, and when near I saw, stab him with a knife. Matthew Collier cried out "Oh!" and then began crying. Mrs. Eliza Collier, of 34, Rupert-street, said: On Saturday evening my boy was brought home, having a wound in the inside of his leg an inch and a half long. The following certificate was handed to me by my husband: "I hereby certify a little boy named Matthew Collier was brought to me with a severe wound of the buttock, I have also attended him at his own house, and it is impossible to say for a few days the result of such a wound." Wm. Harry Harris, Surgeon, 33, Great Windmill-street, October 9th. Maisey, 160, Q, said: Seeing a great crowd in Great Windmill-street I went up and found a boy had been stabbed. The injured boy was taken to a surgeon, I afterwards went to No. 28, Rupert-street and took the prisoner into custody. On asking the prisoner where the knife was, he said it was behind a box in his father's room, and there I found it. Mr. Typhurst: Is it a shoemaker's knife? Complainant: It is, sir. Mr. Typhurst: And you have begun with stabbing a boy! I shall have to remand you for a week. If I had not seen so much as I have I should not have said I was surprised, but I am not. The prisoner was removed from the court, calling out for his mother.

A FRAUDS CHARGED WITH HAVING IN HIS POSSESSION COUNTERFEIT FRENCH COINS.—Augustus Villemain, commission agent, of No. 34, Thosold's-alley, was charged before Mr. Typhurst, by Sergeant Drusovich, of the detective department, Scotland-yard, with having in his possession several counterfeit coins of the empire of France, with intent to utter the same. Mr. Charles Albert, the interpreter, attended to interpret the evidence.

Sergeant Drusovich said: About six or eight months ago I received information of the prisoner and another being engaged in passing counterfeit French coins. On Monday, having kept observation on his movements, I saw him, at a money-changer's window, take something out of one of his pockets and put it in another. I followed him and saw him go to the Cafe de l'Europe in Great Windmill-street. He there played at cards for some time, and then went to the back part of the hotel. With the assistance of Sergeant Shore I followed and stopped him, and on searching him I found in his possession several packs of cards, tickets, and eight pieces of five francs each, wrapped in paper, all of which are counterfeit. He asked me what I wanted to do with the money, and tried to get it away from me. He wished his worship to remand the case to a future day, for the attendance of the French Consul General. Mr. Typhurst, having referred to the Act, said that he found that if a person had more than five pieces of counterfeit coin in his possession he was liable to the penalty under the Act. He should, therefore, remand the prisoner. The prisoner has been known to Sergeant Drusovich for some time, and a friendly parting, since which I have discovered that he has a wife living. Mary Needham, a widow, said: The prisoner is my brother. I was not present at his first marriage, but I lived with him and his wife afterwards. I saw that wife last Sunday. He has been separated from her more than eighteen years, friendly like. Prisoner (smiling): Why, I knew this my second wife twenty years before I married the first one. I was then a tradesman in Gt. George-street, Mile-end. After she left me I waited a pretty long while, I consider, for it was nearly eighteen years, and of course I thought she was dead. Who'd have thought she'd be alive, and turn up in this way? I had no idea of it. Pye, 662 A, said: I have not had time to procure the registers since I took the prisoner last night. Mr. Ellison: They must be produced, and I shall remand the prisoner on his own recognizance to attend here again in one week's time. Prisoner, who appeared to treat the matter very lightly, then left the dock.

## LAMBETH.

SINGULAR CASE.—Joseph Foxall, aged twenty-two, was charged with rendering J. F. Goulding insensible by chloroform, and then robbing him of a gold watch. Mr. Goulding, who is a foreman to the employ of the Brighton Railway Company, had been to supper with Mr. and Mrs. Sarcell, friends of his, residing in Willow-walk, Bermondsey, and, as he resided on the other side of the Kent-road, the neighbourhood was crowded and intricate, and their friend was a stranger, Mrs. Sarcell, at the request of her husband, walked with him to show him the way. On reaching the Kent-road, the prisoner came up and shook a handkerchief, or something like it, in the face of the prosecutor, who instantly became almost unconscious and so unfeeling that he was obliged to sit down. Prisoner offered his services to assist him, but, suspecting his object, Mrs. Sarcell remained with prosecutor until a policeman came up. This policeman, as soon as he came up, inquired her grossly, telling her he knew who and what she was—that it was his intention to rob the man of his watch, and that if she did not go off he would look her up. He would listen to no explanation, and also told the prosecutor if he did not get up, and start home he would look him up also. Mrs. Sarcell left the policeman, and had only got a little way when she met an inspector, to whom she told what had happened, and while doing so another constable came up and paid the policeman had been robbed of his watch. Mrs. Sarcell then spoke complained of the gross insults she had received, and said it was through that policeman who had insulted her the robbery had been effected. The prosecutor corroborated the witness's evidence, and said that he had never before been attacked with such an extraordinary sensation, and when he recovered he found that prisoner had stuck to him to the end of his street. He then ran away as fast as he could, and prosecutor found his watch was gone. Another police-constable when saw the prisoner running away, on being informed of the robbery, pursued him and took him at his lodgings, but did not find the watch. The prosecutor dined the robbery. Mr. Elliott remanded him, and expressed his surprise that the policeman who had interfered and insulted Mrs. Sarcell was not present. He ordered that he should attend the next examination, as in his (the magistrate's) opinion the case was one of that character requiring the most rigid investigation.

## BOW STREET.

AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.—Michael Tracey, a formidably muscular native of the Green Isle, was charged with being drunk and disorderly a harp tavern, in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, and smashing a pane of glass valued at £4 10s. The prisoner, having entered the house in a drunken state, was refused some liquor which he ordered. A customer who, being sober, had been supplied with liquor, was so indignant as to allow the prisoner to drink with him, and the prisoner thereupon becoming still more drunk behaved himself in a riotous and disorderly manner. Mr. George Ralph Sherrill (the landlord), who had been out on business, returned in the middle of the scene which the drunken rascal had produced, and, finding from the prisoner's excited condition that there would be some trouble in putting him out by force, called in a policeman. The prisoner, who had hitherto been most obtrusive in his refusal either to leave the house or to behave himself, at once submitted to the authority of the policeman, and went away quietly enough. In a few minutes, however, he returned and attempted to re-enter the house, and on being refused admittance smashed the plate glass with his fist, a surprising feat of strength considering the thickness of the glass. Mr. Vaughan asked if the prisoner had been served with any liquor at the harp. Mr. Sherrill replied: Certainly not. He did not allow drunken men to be supplied with liquor in his house. The policeman who took the prisoner in charge stated in a rich Irish brogue that he saw the prisoner "hit the glass wid his fist." Mr. Vaughan: What was the result of his striking his hand on the glass? Policeman: He told me, your worship—Mr. Vaughan: Never mind what he told you. What happened when he struck the glass? Policeman: I took him into custody. (Laughter.) Mr. Vaughan: But what was the effect of his striking the glass? Policeman: Well, your worship, I told him—Mr. Vaughan: It was broken, your worship, sure enough. The prisoner was ordered to pay a fine of 10s. and the amount of damage, £4 10s., or in default of payment to be committed for one month.

## COVENT GARDEN.

A THIEF TRAINEE.—John Backman, well known to the police, was charged with stealing a portmanteau, containing goods to the value of £10, the property of Mr. Michael Kenney, an asylum attendant, of 26, Playhouse-yard, St. Luke's. Mr. Bickerton, solicitor, of Frederick-place, Gray's-inn-

road, prosecuted; and Mr. Lewis, of Ely-place, defended. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor that on the morning of Tuesday the 26th ult., about half-past twelve o'clock, he got out of a cab at the corner of Oldham-street and Salford, with him his portmanteau. He had not proceeded far before the prisoner offered to carry the portmanteau if the complainant would give him £1. This the complainant consented to do, and they both proceeded as far as the corner of Playhouse-yard, when two men, Mr. and Mrs. Bickerton, the prosecutor, spoke to him, and when he turned round he found that the prisoner had gone, taking with him the portmanteau. His information to the police, and the prisoner was apprehended a short time afterwards. On his being placed with another man similarly dressed the prosecutor identified him as the man who had stolen his property, and when he told him the charge he said he knew nothing at all about it. He had since ascertained that one of the prisoner's companions, who was in custody at Harrogate for robbery, was wearing some of the prosecutor's property. The prisoner had been convicted no less than ten times of felony, and was well known as the trainer of young thieves, and there were now thirteen boys suffering imprisonment in Holloway Gaol that had been convicted of felony, and who had been trained by the prisoner. Mr. Bickerton said, at the trial he should, he understood, be able to show that the prisoner was now on horseback, and the magistrate intended to send the case for trial, he should reserve the defence, but he hoped the magistrate would accept bail. Mr. Bickerton opposed the application. Mr. Barker committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and refused the application for bail.

A CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.—On Mr. Ellison taking his seat, on Monday, Fairhall, the warrant-constable, introduced to him a Mrs. F. R. Lamb-street, Spitalfields, who, he said, wished to make an application for assistance. The applicant said that a very distressing case had lately been brought under her notice as a lady visitor in her neighbourhood, and, as she had the particulars of it reduced to writing, she wished to hand them in, in the hope that the magistrate, on reading them, would be willing to render the assistance she intended to send the case for trial, he should reserve the defence, but he hoped the magistrate would accept bail. Mr. Ellison: Are you friends here? Prisoner: I haven't any friends. I gave £25 for a school not worth anything. Mr. Ellison desired that inquiries should be made, and that some person acquainted with the prisoner should attend on the day of remand.

A CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.—On Mr. Ellison taking his seat, on Monday,

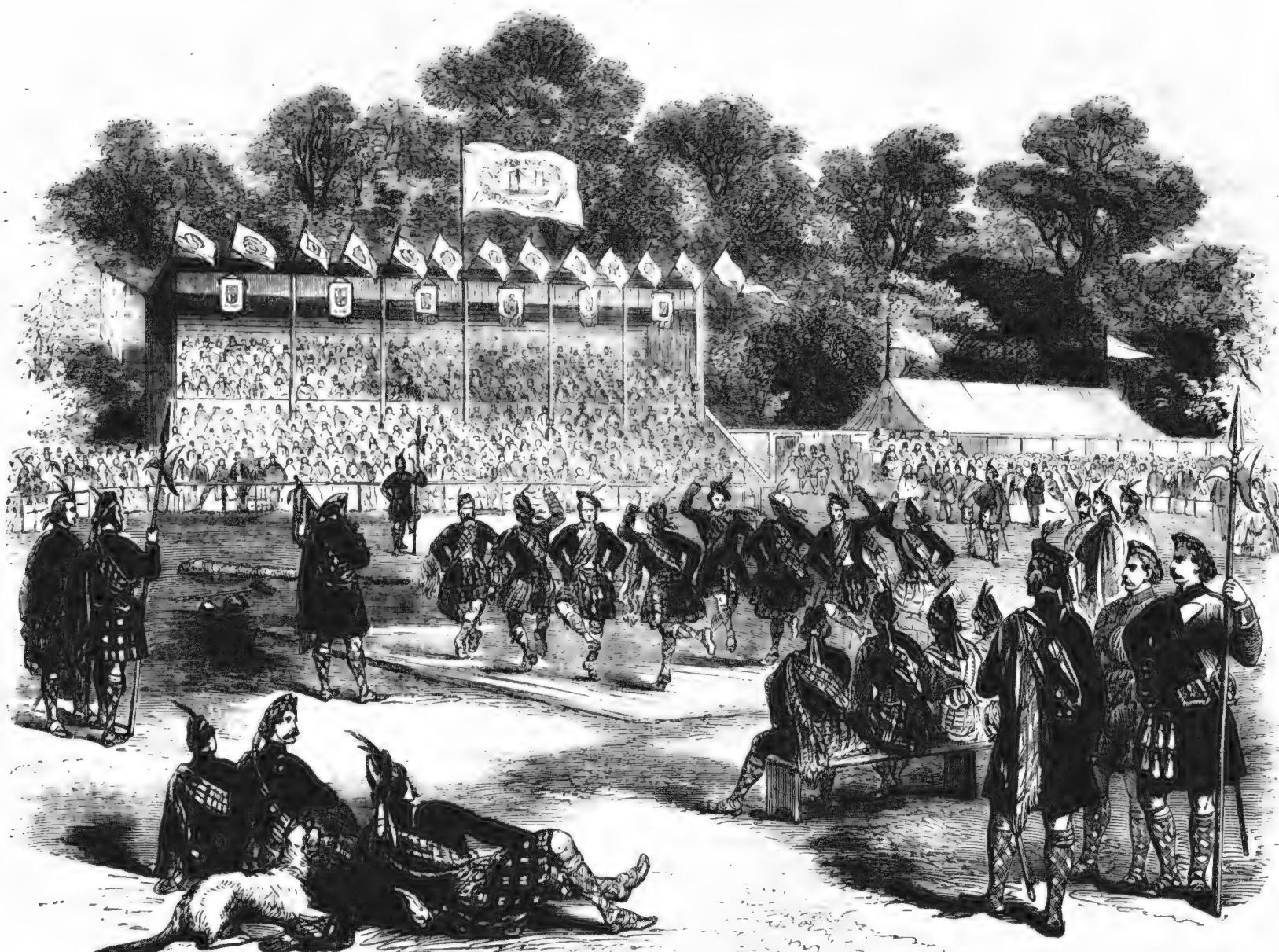
Fairhall, the warrant-constable, introduced to him a Mrs. F. R. Lamb-street, Spitalfields, who, he said, wished to make an application for assistance.

The applicant said that a very distressing case had lately been brought under her notice as a lady visitor in her neighbourhood, and, as she had the particulars of it reduced to writing, she wished to hand them in, in the hope that the magistrate, on reading them, would be willing to render the assistance she intended to send the case for trial, he should reserve the defence, but he hoped the magistrate would accept bail. The applicant added that the child was in a deep affection with his poor family, it having been born with a second head attached to the first in such a manner that the smallest roughness or sudden movement would cause its immediate death. The poor mother is unable to lay it down without fear, and is unable to dress it without assistance from another person. She has four other young children, aged nine, six, three, and one and a half years old, and formerly worked with her mother, aged sixty-three, at blue shirts, receiving two-pence each. Now all this must be laid aside, her whole time being occupied with the care of this afflicted child, whose suffering daily increase from the weight of the second head. Several respectable people bear testimony to the parents being sober, industrious, quiet, and cleanly. Any contributions for their help would be most gratefully received, and might be well entrusted to the care of Mr. Reeves, schoolmaster at the Ragged School, Bacon-street. The applicant added that the child was continually screaming, and scarcely ever out of the arms of its mother, so that she was prevented from attending to the rest of her family or doing anything. She and some friends of hers had done all they could for the poor woman, but other assistance was most urgently needed. Mr. Ellison assayed the application if she could herself hand in, and she replied she could. The magistrate then asked Fairhall if he was acquainted with the applicant herself, and Fairhall replied that he had known her and her husband for about eighteen years, and knew them to

OCT. 14, 1865.]



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE SCENE OF THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. (See page 286.)



HIGHLAND GAMES BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT ABERGELDIE. (See page 286.)

ST. MATTHEW'S DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.  
We herewith present an illustration of the annual oration which takes place at Christ's Hospital on St. Matthew's day. This is a relic of the scholars' disputations in the cloisters, and it is those scholars called "the Grecians" who give their orations on this day, before the Lord Mayor, corporation, governor, and their friends.

Christ's Hospital is situated in Newgate-street, and, according to Timbs, is one of the five royal hospitals of the City of London, and was founded for destitute children, by Edward VI, June 26, 1553, on the site of the Grey Friars' Monastery. At the same time the King founded St. Thomas's and Bridewell Hospitals, the three foundations forming part of a comprehensive scheme of charity, originating in a sermon preached before his Majesty by the pious Bishop Ridley. Besides the sites and appurtenances, Edward bestowed lands for their support to the amount of £600 a-year; "and then said in the hearing of his counsell, 'Lord, I yield Thee most heartily thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of Thy name.' After which foundation established, he lived not above two days; whose life would have been wished equal to the patriarchs, if it had pleased God so to have prolonged it."—*Stow.*

The old monastic buildings were then repaired, the citizens became animated by Edward's zeal, and, by aid of their benefactions, in November, 1552, 340 "poore fatherless children" were admitted within the ancient monastic walls. "On Christmas-day," says Stow, "while the Lord Mayor and aldermen rode to St. Paul's, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence-lane end in Cheaps towards Paul's all in one livery of russet; and at Easter next they were in blue, have continued ever since." Hence the hospital, "the Blue-Coat School."

Since this period, the income of the institution has fluctuated; and consequently, also, the number of children with which the hospital opened to 150. The object of the institution has also become materially changed, which may in a great measure be due to the influence of the governors, or supporters.

The hospital suffered materially in the great fire of 1666, when the church of the monastery was destroyed. Christopher Wren, between 1687 and 1707, restored the "Spital sermons." There is a small fragment of the ancient friary remaining, except the cloisters.

The hospital was rebuilt by the governors in 1707, and became a mathematical school, founded by the Duke of Atholl, for forty boys to be instructed in navigation: they were to wear a badge on the right shoulder.

## Literature.

## THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

"What dress will you wear to Mrs. Hilton?"  
"I do not think I will go, Carrie."  
"Not attend the most brilliant party of the season, are you crazy? You must want to give Miss Arlington a chance to captivate your husband."  
"Rose, she is bewilderingly beautiful, Mrs. Hilton, you are, darling, but so different. She is a tiny, fair, blue-eyed, blue-haired fairy. What ails your eyes to-night? They look weird and unearthly?"

"Never mind my eyes, Carrie—tell me about the war."

"My George—ahem!—remarked to Captain Wade. 'What beautiful eyes Miss Arlington has!' (slapped him). 'The handsomest eyes I ever saw, Captain Wade. There is an expression in them that makes a man better in spite of himself.'

"Yes, Rose has beautiful eyes; and is the Captain Wade?"

"George spoke real feelingly, Rose; I could not help it."

"I do not doubt it, Carrie."

"Now, Rose, I shan't talk any more."  
"And why not? I do not know any one to kiss my big brother than his own betrothed."

Carrie blushed and kissed Rose. How we friends of the one we love above all others."

"You are unhappy, Rose."

"No, not unhappy; but Emma Wade's high devotion to Miss Arlington last night, has given me a bad conscience, and I am jealous, as Emma hinted; but when a man is in love, such remarks take somewhat from his manly character."

"Emma is a mischief-maker, Rose. Do not let her twist your neck off."

"Fie, fie, Carrie! That is rough and ungentlemanlike. You are more indignant when any one speaks ill of your friends. Did you not think yourself, Carrie, that you had some foundation for Emma's remarks?"

"Well, Rose, he certainly did not think so. She was quite as attentive to him. She did not notice me at all."

## ST. MATTHEW'S DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

We herewith present an illustration of the annual oration which takes place at Christ's Hospital on St. Matthew's day. This is a relic of the scholars' disputations in the cloisters, and it is those scholars called "the Grecians" who give their orations on this day, before the Lord Mayor, corporation, governor, and their friends.

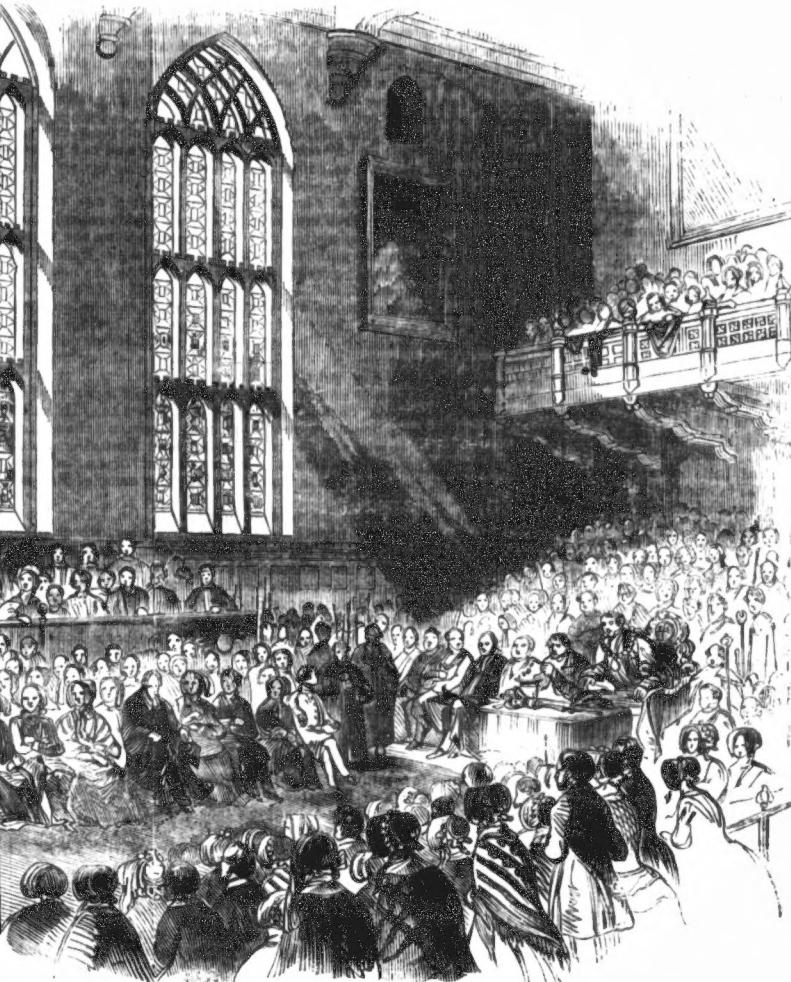
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The old monastic buildings were then repaired, the citizens became animated by Edward's zeal, and, by aid of their benefactions, in November, 1552, 340 "poore fatherless children" were admitted within the ancient monastery walls. "On Christmas-day," says Stow, "while the Lord Mayor and aldermen rode to St. Paul's, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence-lane end in Cheapside towards Paul's all in one livery of russet cot'on, 340 in number; and at Easter next they were in blue, at the Spittle, and so have continued ever since." Hence the popular name of the hospital, "the Blue-Coat School."

Since this period, the income of the institution has known much fluctuation; and consequently, also, the number of inmates. The 340 children with which the hospital opened had dwindled in 1580 to 150. The object of the institution has also, in the lapse of time, become materially changed, which may in a great measure be attributed to the influence of the governors, or benefactors, its chief supporters.

The hospital suffered materially in the great fire of 1666, when the church of the monastery was destroyed. It was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, between 1667 and 1707; and here are annually preached the "Spital sermons." There is scarcely any portion of the ancient friary remaining, except the cloisters.

The hospital was rebuilt by the governors, by anticipating its revenue. The first important addition to the foundation after the fire was the mathematical school, founded by Charles II, in 1672, for forty boys to be instructed in navigation: they are called "King's boys," and wear a badge on the right shoulder. Lest this mathe-



ST. MATTHEW'S DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

matical school should fail for want of boys properly qualified to supply it, one Mr. Stone, a governor, left a legacy to maintain a subordinate mathematical school of twelve boys, "the Twelves," who wear a badge on the left shoulder; to these have been added "the Twos."

This was the first considerable extension of the system of education at the hospital, which originally consisted of a grammar school for boys, and a separate school for girls, where the latter were taught to read, sew, and mark. A book is preserved containing the records of the hospital from its foundation, and an anthem sung by the first children.

The east cloister and south front were next (1675) rebuilt by Sir Robert Clayton, alderman, and cost him about £7,000; but it was not known who was the benefactor until the whole was finished.

The writing school, a large edifice, was built by Wren in 1693, at the expense of Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor in 1681, of whom a marble statue is placed in the facade. This school is situate on the west side of the playground, and being supported on columns, the under part, called the new cloister, shelters the boys in bad weather.

The ward over the east cloister was rebuilt, in 1705, by Sir

Francis Child, the banker. In 1795, the grammar school, of neat yellow brick, near Little Britain, and on the north side of the ditch playground, was erected partly with a sum of money bequeathed by John Smith, Esq.

The old buildings of the hospital had been altered, enlarged, and augmented at different periods; but becoming ruinous and unsafe, the governors, in 1808, determined to rebuild the whole. With a part of the general revenues of the hospital was, therefore, established a building fund, and with that, aided by a grant of £5,000 from the corporation of London, and many private benefactions, the grand undertaking was commenced. The architect was the late John Shaw, F.R.S. and F.S.A., who has been succeeded by his son. Of the great dining hall the first stone was laid by the Duke of York, April 25th, 1825. This noble structure is in the Tudor style, and is built partly on the ancient wall of London, and partly on the foundation of the refectory of the Grey Friars. The back wall stands on the site of the ditch that anciently surrounded London, and is built on piles driven 20 feet deep. In excavating for the foundation, there were found some Roman urns and coins, and some curious leather sandals. The southern or principal front, facing Newgate-street, is supported by buttresses, and has an octagonal tower at each extremity, and the summit is embattled and pinnacled. On the ground story is an open arcade (187 feet in length, and 161 feet in width); here, also, are a meeting-room for the governors, the hospital wardrobe, &c. Over the centre arch of the arcade is a bust of Edward the Sixth.

The area in front, or playground, is enclosed by handsome metal gates, enriched with the arms of the hospital.

The dress of the "Blue-coat" boys is the costume of the citizens of London at the time of the foundation of the hospital, when blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving-men, and yellow stockings were generally worn. Mr. Brayley describes the dress as the nearest approach to the monkish costume now worn; the dark blue coat, with a close-fitting body and loose skirts, being the ancient tunic, and the under-coat, or "yellow," the sleeveless under-tunic of the monastery. The girdle was also a monastic appendage: the boys wear it of red leather. Yellow worsted stockings, a flat black woollen cap (scarcely larger than a saucer), and a clerical neckband, complete the dress.

The education of the boys consists of reading, writing, and arithmetic, French, the classics, and the mathematics. There are sixteen exhibitions for scholars at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, besides a "Pitt scholarship," and a "Times scholarship," the latter founded by the proprietors of that journal, with a fund subscribed by the public in testimony of their detection of the Boggie fraud, 1841. There are also separate trusts held by the governors of the hospital, which are distributed to poor widows, to the blind, and in apprenticeship boys, &c. The annual income of the hospital is about £50,000; its ordinary disbursements are £48,000.

## Literature.

## THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

"WHAT dress will you wear to Mrs. Hilton's to-night, Rose?"

"I do not think I will go, Carrie."

"Not attend the most brilliant party of the season! Why, Rose Traverse, are you crazy? You must want to be obliging, and give Rose Arlington a chance to captivate your handsome Ernest. I tell you, Rose, she is bewilderingly beautiful. Not more beautiful than you are, darling, but so different. She is a tiny, blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy. What all your eyes to-night, Rose Traverse—their look is weird and unearthly?"

"Never mind my eyes, Carrie—tell me of this beautiful stranger."

"My George—ahem!—remarked to Captain Acton last night, 'What beautiful eyes Miss Arlington has!' (for which I could have slapped him). 'The handsomest eyes I ever saw, are your own sister's, George. There is an expression in her glorious dark eyes that makes man better in spite of himself.'

"Yes, Rose has beautiful eyes; and is the very best sister ever a fellow had."

"George spoke real feelingly, Rose; I could have fairly kissed him for it."

"I do not doubt it, Carrie."

"Now, Rose, I shan't talk any more."

"And why not? I do not know any one that has a better right to kiss my big brother than his own betrothed wife."

Carrie blushed and kissed Rose. How we always love the near friends of the one we love above all others.

"You are unhappy, Rose."

"No, not unhappy; but Emma Wade's light talk about Ernest's devotion to Miss Arlington last night, has grieved me. I am not jealous, as Emma hinted; but when a man is placed in Ernest's position, such remarks take somewhat from his dignity, even though there may be little grounds for them."

"Emma is a mischief-maker, Rose. Do not mind her. The thin-lipped little vixen, I could twist her neck off!"

"Fie, fie, Carrie! That is rough and unusual language from your lips. You are more indignant when anything touches me than yourself. Did you not think yourself, Carrie, that Ernest gave some foundation for Emma's remarks?"

"Well, Rose, he certainly was attentive to Miss Arlington, but she was quite as attentive to him. She did not give him a chance

to leave her. Several times he attempted to join me, and every time to tell yellow-hair chained him by her deceitful smiles and endless questions. I foresee very plainly, Rose, that I shall honour that designing little Arlington with my most cordial hatred. When Captain Acton came to claim her hand for a promised dance, she actually filled Ernest's hands, so that he would be obliged to wait her return—bouquet, fan, handkerchief—even her opera-cloak. I had half a mind to send one of the servants, with Miss Mason's compliments, and ask if he did not want some one to help him bear his burdens."

"Oh, Carrie Mason, what a child you are! You make me laugh, even while swallowing down a sob. I do not grieve over these tales, Carrie, because I am jealous, or have not the moral courage to give up the love of Ernest Tracy, if need be, but because it has shaken my faith in human nature. If Ernest, with his noble soul and high, brave spirit, is so easily won to forget the love of years, whom can we trust?"

"Bide a we, dearie. He loves not that pale Rose Arlington. He loves but the bright crimson rose of his boyhood's idolatry—sweet Rose Traverse. He is but captivated by the Arlington's beauty and impish way."

But Rose did not answer; she was looking at the fast-gathering twilight, and thinking, doubtless, of her lover.

Later, the girls met in Rose's chamber. It was a fitting home for the abode of beauty. Heavy crimson damask curtains shaded the windows, throwing a warm ruddy glow over the two fair faces.

One fancied they were walking on living flowers, so rich was the costly carpeting. A white ground, with rich clusters of crimson roses and convolvulus running over it, mingled with the trailing myrtle, whose bright green contrasted beautifully with the glowing flowers.

Carrie stood before the grate, with her forehead bent upon the marble mantel. Rose sat before a rosewood writing-desk, thickly strewn with manuscript. Her magnificent black hair was put back from her white temples, as though it might oppress her, and the full crimson lips were compressed as though from pain. Her eyes flashed like stars; and the rich crimson on her cheeks almost shamed the roses beneath her feet.

"Rose, put up your writing this minute, and let us get dressed; I am going to look splendid to-night."

"I am not going out to-night, Carrie."

"Now, Rose Traverse, I do not love you one bit, and I shan't go unless you do."

"You just want to give that other Rose a chance to win from you the noblest heart that ever lived." And great tears rolled over the little maiden's face.

Rose left her writing, and drew the troubled face upon her breast.

"I do not feel to like going into a crowd to-night, Carrie: but would rather go than see you stay at home. So dry your tears, and get to your toilet."

The tears were soon dried.

"You must hurry, Rose, or else Ernest will be here before we are ready, and you know he does not like to wait."

"I ought not to go, for, indeed, I almost dread to meet Ernest."

"He don't know what you have heard, so you needn't care. Perhaps he was only flirting with her, after all."

"Hush, Carrie. I should think less of him than ever then."

Rose sadly gathered up her papers, and turned the key upon them.

"How you do seem to love these tiresome papers, Rose! One would think you had to write for a living, you pore over them so."

"No, Carrie, thank heaven I have not to toil for my daily bread; but I have to write to satisfy the cravings of my heart, which is ever clamouring, 'Write, write!' We all have our needs. Writing is the great need of my nature, little one. I can no more keep from it than you can keep from singing all day long, you happy nightingale!"

Rose stood before the mirror, and as she gazed upon her own rare loveliness, a scornful smile curled her lips, and she murmured to herself, "The world praises my beauty, and what they are pleased to term 'my soul's high gifts,' and yet neither could win me love that would not change."

Rose removed the golden comb from her hair, and the whole shining mass fell rippling almost to her feet. She smoothed it with her soft hand till it shone like the mirror in which it was reflected. Then the white fingers wandered through it, and rapidly it grew into broad, massive braids, which she wound about her white brow in the shape of a coronet. She donned a robe of rich amber satin, and clasping some magnificent diamonds upon her white throat and rounded arms, her toilet was complete. One peculiarity about Rose was, she never could endure a waiting-maid about her person; her beautiful form was always adorned by her own hands.

Crossing the hall, she knocked at Carrie's door, who, with the aid of two maids, her own and Rose's, had made but little progress.

"I am ready, Carrie. I will go into the drawing-room and practise over my new song."

She passed down the broad stairs, and entered the drawing-room. The room lay in shadow, lighted only from the hall, and Rose sat down to the instrument. At first her song was mournfully sad, then the rich voice rose appealingly, almost wailingly, in



see page 286.



see page 286.

its pathos. Her heart caught the song's sadness, and her head sank low upon her breast. "Ere she was aware, a voice thrillingly low whispered in her ear, "Rose, darling!" and the proud head was pressed to the heart of Ernest Tracy. He led her into the hall, under the brilliant gas-light.

"Rose, you are peerlessly beautiful to-night. Do you know it?"

At this moment Carrie came tripping down the stairs.

"Ah! Sir Knight of the Eagle Eye, you are puissant. Do I not look passing well to-night?" Then, as Rose went up-stairs for her gloves, she added, "I mean to walk straight into the heart of Captain Acton to-night; so the Arlington had best look to her laurels. They say she names him as one among her victims. But here is the carriage—let us to the banquet."

"Carrie is on the high-tragedy style to-night, Rose. She is going to slay Captain Acton with arrows from her blue eyes, and murder Miss Arlington with jealousy. I believe you have not met Miss Arlington, Rose. She is a namesake of yours, too."

"I have never met the lady."

When our party entered the rooms of Mrs. Hilton, an hour later, a subdued murmur of admiration followed them. There was a baleful light in the blue eyes of Rose Arlington as she marked the superb beauty of the woman report said was to be Ernest Tracy's bride. She looked upon her, leaning upon the arm of the handsome, regal-looking man she was trying to win from his allegiance, and ground her teeth with rage.

The peerless beauty of Rose Traverse was acknowledged by all, and well it might be. Ernest knew that Miss Arlington's eyes were upon him; but they had lost their spell, overshadowed by the radiant beauty of his betrothed wife.

He determined to show the golden-haired belle no attention; but, oh! who can compute the power that lies in curls of a golden hue, and eyes of melting softness? The hand of Rose Traverse was claimed for a promenade by one who admired her above all women. Ernest stood, leaning against a pillar, watching her, and thinking how beautiful she was, when a small hand was laid upon his arm, and dewy eyes looked sadly into his.

"Have you forgotten my presence, Ernest? You have not sought me once to-night! Come, let us promenade; I have something to tell you." And the arm of the enchantress was linked with his own.

So once more busy tongues were whispering of his devotion to Miss Arlington, and sundry eyes, black, blue, and grey, were turned upon Rose Traverse. But Rose was proud; and whatever she felt, she made no sign. Her smile was calm and sweet, and her voice unaltering. She was called upon to sing—one asking for his favourite song, "No One to Love Me." Her voice rose firm and clear, without a quiver in it, though her heart was aching. Near her stood Ernest, with the symbol still clinging to his arm, and the echo of her dulcet tones still thrilling his heart.

Where now is the resolution to avoid her? Alas! how true it is, that "a pair of bright eyes, with a dozen glances, suffice to subdue a man—to ensnare him. They dazzle and bewilder him; so that the past becomes forgotten."

Again Rose and Carrie were sealed by the fire, in the former's pleasant chamber. By mutual consent, the name of Ernest was not mentioned. They said good night, and parted.

Without disturbing, Rose unlocked her writing-desk, and drew forth the unfinished manuscript. Rapidly the pen travelled over the paper, till at last it was complete.

"Now for a few pages of the promised sketch, for I do not feel as if I could ever sleep again."

"What shall it be?" she slyly asked—"what shall it be? How shall the aching head and aching heart improvise matter to please the multitude?"

Her head sank upon her arm. Was she building up a story, or was she thinking of Ernest? How little the world recked as it reads, and either praises or blames the writer! How often from the depths of an anguished heart those words have sprung! Rose wrote rapidly for an hour; then, rising, she threw up the window and knelt beneath it, inhaling greedily the pure air, but unmodified that the winter wind blew upon her uncovered neck and arms. The face wore a weary look, and the dark eyes were very sorrowful. Reason whispered, "You had better go to your rest; you will be out worn to-morrow, and not fit to attend to your duties."

Duty! Ah! 'tis very well to prize of duty! Rose had done her duty, and would always do it; it brings peace to the heart and repose to the conscience; yet, wherefore afterward does the heart ache and cry out for more? Why did Rose cry mutely for the loved presence, the gentle tones whose music lingered everywhere?

"Ah, Ernest, Ernest! why should thine eyes come between me and these midnight skies? Tell me, ya glistering stars, and thou, cold moon, will happiness ever be my portion again? Must I kneel for ever beneath this starry sky a mourner, like to-night? No answer! Ah, my mild invocation avails me nought! The stars are silent, the moon sails onward, and all is lost except a little life. All—all is changed! And yet you starry dome is the same that canopied my head in childhood! It is only I who have changed! I have wound a Gordian knot so close around my heart that I cannot unlock it!"

The moonlight fell upon the rich satin robe, upon the bowed head, and glittering gems, which flashed back a mocking light beneath his rays.

After a storm comes a calm. Rose, listening to the drowsy night murmur, and the wind whispers, felt a calm descend upon her soul. When the grey dawn was breaking, she sought her pillow, at peace with all mankind, and from that hour she never again gave way to such great sorrow. She had learned a lesson that night under the stars which she never forgot.

The last month of winter passed slowly away. To Rose, it seemed interminable. All was at an end between Ernest and herself. She had given him his freedom, but it seemed to gall him more than chains; for he had grown thin and pale, and went but little into society. And Rose was content to have it so; she could not share the hearts he loved with another; therefore she gave him up to her rival. The "war" was all on one side.

There were hours that Rose suffered severely, for Ernest Tracy was the one love of her life; but she knew what was due to herself. That he still loved her she believed, but he was weak, and yielded to the fascinations of her rival, against his judgment and better nature.

But the human heart is a stern tyrant, and the question that has been asked and answered wailingly in many a human heart sometimes trembled upon the lips of Rose, "How can I ever live without thee?"

They had met at parties and at the opera during the winter, but for weeks they had not met.

There was a pique in contemplation, and, yielding to the attractions of Carrie, Rose had consented to be of the number. She knew that Ernest Tracy and the rival Rose were to be there; but with calm dignity she prepared to meet them.

Very fair they looked, the two Roses, as they drew up at "Cool Spring" on the mountain road, to drink from its sparkling waters. The sprightly dangerous little rival Rose wore a habit of dark blue, with a blue velvet hat, set jauntily upon her golden curls. Our Rose wore a habit of black velvet, and a little hat of the same, with a long, white feather, drooping over the side. Carrie and George were bilking and coining over the rocks; and George, brother-like, forgot that Rose, too, might be thirsty. Rose's eyes were fixed on the beautiful scenery, her hand resting lightly on Bessie's arching neck. Ernest Tracy stood waiting the graceful form, and his face saddened as he thought how he had lost this noble woman by his own mad folly. Seeing her brother had forgotten her, he filled a silver cup with the sparkling water, and carried it to her. Some women would have drawn themselves up proudly and refused it;

but Rose took the water, thanking him calmly and quietly. She noticed the change in him since their last meeting in the winter, and her woman's heart divined that already the beauty of Rose Arlington had paled upon him—and her beauty was her only passport. She was shocked to see how haggard he looked, and the restless, wandering eye showed a heart ill at ease.

The days passed as such days usually do, and evening came ere they thought it was noon. Old Bob had grown drowsy, and was preparing for his rest behind the blue hills, as the gay cavalcade mounted, and moved homewards.

A few of the party lingered, enjoying the beauty of the evening; among them Ernest and Miss Arlington, and Rose and her party. Ernest was sad and still, so still that the fair Arlington pouted and smiled by turns.

A gay couple passed at this moment, and, in passing, one of the reckless riders struck the restive horse of Ernest, which reared and threw his unguarded rider upon a pile of sharp stones by the way-side. He lay perfectly still, with the blood flowing from his temples. Rose Arlington screamed, and got up a little scene; but Rose Travers dismounted, and, scooping over the fallen man, raised him tenderly. His cheek had a frightful gash in it, and when the doctor arrived, he told the frightened group that, besides those injuries and a broken limb, he feared his skull was injured. It was a sad party that returned at nightfall; for Ernest still lay unconscious, and the physician had little hopes of his recovery.

Ere noon next day, Rose Arlington knew that her lover would live, but that he would be invalid for many weeks. He still remained at the farm-house where he had been carried on the night of the accident. It was six weeks before he and Rose Arlington met. She was one day put into a pleasant flitter of excitement by the servant handing her a card, bearing the name of Ernest Tracy.

As she entered the room he rose to meet her. Oh, horror! he leaned upon a crutch, and his cheek had a frightful scar, which distorted his face. Rose covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"Do not cry, Rose; I have come to release you from your engagement. I could not link your beauty to my infirmity."

And so they parted, Rose congratulating herself on her escape, and Ernest making his way painfully to his own residence.

George Traverse stood upon the steps of his mother's house as Ernest passed slowly along.

As she entered the room he rose to meet her. Oh, horror! he leaned upon a crutch, and his cheek had a frightful scar, which distorted his face.

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## ANTINOMIOUS HYPOCRITE.

[From the *Spec.*] —  
and the *Tartuffe* à *Golbrie*. He is forty-three years of cold calculations, of immense ambitions, beyond exterior, of all the base passions which are at weakness. But how are we to comprehend a man? Who would think of meeting with a youth, with blue downcast eyes, of modest mien, sweet, inspired, almost Biblical speech? now presents himself, however, at the *Correos*. His name is *Pierre Jayet*, he is eighteen years, nothing requiring alteration in the portrait which is. Let us add that he was trained in the education of *St. Vincent de Paul*, where he passed ten years before the tribunal charged with several

On your quitting the educational establishment *Paul*, you were for a month lost sight of, and it was what you did for a living; but you were found to be of a respectable ecclesiastic of the diocese of *Chile*, who had himself to be deceived by your falsehoods, into his home, who lodged you there, and whom I had while subjecting his house to pilage. Is that (last down and his hands joined): I have nothing to say of the abbe; he is a very respectable priest, my youth; but in spite of my Christian principles, I cannot say as much of his sister, who had the house. This woman who, doubtless, cannot be a servant of the Lord, made me work all night, and only gave me bread, and even an insult, of that, to nourish my perishable body. I was in consequence to pray to fortify my soul against the body.

You have fortified your soul very badly, for all

to you took, and you nourished your parishioners, preserves, and sweets.

denied that I took some sweets in that house; it reflected well that I determined to do so, for the

reputation of the sister of the abbe. I said to myself

famine the sister of the abbe would be re-

warded before God, and I wished to save her from

death.

Dare you offer such explanations before the

you are not a prisoner on account of the theif

house of your benefactor, and we shall not recur

to this house you lived in a furnished lodg-

ing, your language, your insidious manners, and your

coined in gaining the confidence of the pro-

pose and of the lodgers—a confidence which you

were in the room to which you were allowed access

of the toilet, shoes, trousers, overcoat, woollen

other objects. Do you remember all these rob-

beries (short meditation): There is a distinction to be

from another in order to appropriate to yourself is

to collect in corners articles abandoned by the pros-

titute in order to give them to the poor and the

not believe that that is a robbery in the eyes of

Christian morality is the same for all Christians;

without making the distinctions you are seeking

are not for any time, and which should not be

ever, you have not even the excuse which you

the objects which you have stolen you have

poor, but to a barley-sugar merchant, from whom

hastily to obtain a loan of £1. It was, then, in

lend of that debt, that you gave him the articles

stolen, and not through that spirit of charity of

the habit of boasting

(mention): You are mistaken, sir, for I had given

his merchant before borrowing of him.

Then you wished to allure him; that comes to

the tactics are the same, and in this second case,

the spirit of charity disappears. Who led you to

articles which you took, and among which there

early now, were abandoned?

From mass an inspiration came to me to take it

of charity.

Was it also through charity that you told her,

everybody of your uncle the Archbishop of Cam-

bry, a curé of Paris in the *Faucon* Si-

te friends for myself, especially this poor barley-

It was not by boasting of my relationships, but by

conversation with him in order to induce him to

mention the trials which it pleased the Lord to

conversations pleased that good man, and I believe

reinforced him in the sorrowful path which he

then heard.

the furnished house: This little young man has

I had great confidence in him because he was

because he was surrounded by priests, and always

the Archbishop of Cambray.

He pretends that the articles which he stole were

lodgers.

Say God pardon him for that falsehood, with all

one keeps what he has, and does not like to

him.

house all the rooms were open, all the trunks, all

one chamber there were some good things; if I

might have taken them, whereas I have only

things—among others a woollen waistcoat which

was not front.

Has he not given you articles of clothing?

Yes; as I told him that I was not prosperous, he

old stocking-nets, a surtout, a pair of velvet

pairs of loose trousers.

Was it before or after the loan of twenty-five

Before and after.

of the imperial advocate (M. Lepelletier), the tri-

me bearded *Tartuffe* to a year's imprisonment.

OTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

has been in America over thirty years, and very

by medical men, is now sold in this country, with

each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all

the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, will

the wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels,

remedy for dyspepsy or diarrhoea, whether arising

or causes. The *façade* of "Curris and Perkins, New

is on the outside wrapped. Sold by all chemists at

London depot, 205, High Holborn.—[Advertisement]

## Varieties.

WHAT is the most difficult operation a surgeon can perform?—To take the jaw out of a woman.

CONSCIENCE is the best friend we have; with it, all we may bid defiance to men; without it, all

the friends in the world cannot be of use to us.

A PERSON fond of the marvellous told an im-

probable story, adding, "as was his wont": "Did you ever hear of that before?"—"No, sir," said the other; "pray, did you?"

VERY DISTINGUISHED.—An American paper

said that the finger-nails of the oldest priest of

Chinese joss-houses at San Francisco are longer

than his fingers, and are twisted like an auger.

EQUAL TO HIS SUBJECT.—An author said he

was about to write a work on popular ignorance.

"There is no man on earth," replied his friend,

"more fit to do that."

TOO BAD.—"Pa" said a lad to his father, "I

often read of people poor but honest; why don't

they say rich but honest?" "Tut, tut, my son,"

said the father, "nobody would believe them."

AN OXFORD student joined without an invita-

tion a party dining at an inn, after which he

boasted so much of his abilities that one of the

party said, "You have told us enough of what

you can do; tell us something that you cannot

do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share

of the reckoning."

WHEN Nelson said to his men at Trafalgar,

"England expects every man to do his duty,"

three Scotchmen who were standing at their

guns exclaimed, "He never mentioned poor

Scot;" but one of them suddenly recollecting

himself, rejoined, "His is just coaxing the Eng-

lish; he knows *Scot* will do his work when

wanted, without coaxing."

A GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE-CHest, with a prudent

use, has saved many a life; and yet we think the idea

might be improved upon and reduced to a more simple

form. Take some good compound such as COOKE'S

ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, and we find that the desired

end may be obtained without scales and weights, or

little mysterious compartments and enchanting bottles

with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but

COOKE'S PILLS, as tested by many thousands of persons

and found to answer their purpose so well may be set

down as the best.—*Observer*.—[Advertisement].

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